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INTERESTING
ANECDOTES, MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES, ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS:

TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY, AND INCULCATE
MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

London :
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1795,

A
COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ANECDOTE OF MILTON.

IT is well known that, in the bloom of youth, and when he pursued his studies at Cambridge, this poet was extremely beautiful. Wandering one day, during the summer, far beyond the precincts of the University, into the country, he became so heated and fatigued, that, reclining himself at the foot of a tree to rest, he shortly fell asleep. Before he awoke, two ladies, who were foreigners, passed by in a carriage. Agreeably astonished at the loveliness of his appearance, they alighted, and having admired him (as they thought) unperceived, for some time, the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from

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her

her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with trembling hand into his own. Immediately afterwards they proceeded on their journey.

Some of his acquaintance, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover that the highly favoured party in it was our illustrious bard. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened. Milton opened the paper, and, with surprize, read these verses from Guarini.

“ Occhi, stelle mortali,
 “ Ministri de mici mali,
 “ Se chiusi m’ accidete,
 “ Apperti che farete ?”

“ Ye eyes ! ye human stars ! ye authors of my loveliest pangs ! If thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open ?”

Eager, from this moment, to find out the fair *incognita*, Milton travelled, but in vain, through every part of Italy. His poetic fervor became incessantly more and more heated by the idea which he had formed

formed of his unknown admirer ; and it is, in some degree, to *her*, that his own times, the present times, and the latest posterity must feel themselves indebted for several of the most impassioned and charming compositions of the Paradise Lost.

A

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE

RELATING TO

PETER THE GREAT,

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

MISS Hambleton, a maid of honour to the Empress Catherine, had an amour which, at different times, produced three children. She had always pleaded sickness, but Peter, being suspicious, ordered his physician to attend her, who soon made the discovery. It also appeared that a sense of shame had triumphed over her humanity, and that the children had been put to death as soon as born.

Peter enquired if the father of them was privy to the murder: the lady insisted that he was innocent; for she had always deceived him, by pretending that they were sent to nurse.

Justice now called upon the Emperor to punish the offence. The lady was much beloved by the Empress; who pleaded for her; the amour was pardonable, but not the murder.

Peter sent her to the castle, and went himself to visit her; and the fact being confessed, he pronounced her sentence with tears; telling her, that his duty as a Prince, and God's vice-gerent, called on him for that justice which her crime had rendered indispensably necessary; and, that she must therefore prepare for death. He attended her also on the scaffold, where he embraced her with the utmost tenderness, mixed with sorrow: and some say, when the head was struck off, he took it up by the ear, whilst the lips were still trembling, and kissed them:—a circumstance of an extraordinary nature, and yet not incredible, considering the peculiarities of his character.

IDLENESS AN ANXIOUS AND MISERABLE STATE.

THE folly of allowing ourselves to delay what we know cannot be finally escaped, is one of the general weaknesses, which, in spite of the instruction of moralists, and the remonstrances of reason, prevail to a greater or less degree in every mind: even they who most steadily withstand it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pertinacious of their passions, always renewing its attacks, and though often vanquished, never destroyed.

It is indeed natural to have particular regard to the time present, and to be most solicitous for that which is by its nearness enabled to make the strongest impressions. When therefore any sharp pain is to be suffered, or any formidable danger to be incurred, we can scarcely exempt ourselves wholly from the seducements of imagination; we readily believe that another day will bring some support or advantage which we now want; and are easily persuaded, that the moment of necessity, which we desire never to arrive, is at a great distance from us.

Thus

Thus life is languished away in the gloom of anxiety, and consumed in collecting resolution which the next morning dissipates, in forming purposes which we scarcely hope to keep, and reconciling ourselves to our own cowardice by excuses, which, while we admit them, we know to be absurd. Our firmness is by the continual contemplation of misery hourly impaired ; every submission to our fear enlarges its dominions ; we not only waste that time in which the evil we dread might have been suffered and surmounted, but even where procrastination produces no absolute increase of our difficulties, make them less surmountable to ourselves by habitual terrors. When evils cannot be avoided, it is wise to contract the interval of expectation ; to meet the mischiefs which will overtake us if we fly ; and suffer only their real malignity without the conflicts of doubt and anguish of anticipation.

To act is far easier than to suffer ; yet we every day see the progress of life retarded by the *vis inertiae*, the mere repugnance to motion, and find multitudes repining at the want of that which nothing but idleness hinders them from enjoying. The case of *Tantalus*, in the region of poetick punishment, was somewhat to be pitied, because the fruits that hung about him retired from his hand ;

hand ; but what tenderneſs can be claimed by thoſe who, though perhaps they ſuffer the pains of *Tantalus*, will never lift their hands for their own relief.

There is nothing more common among this torpid generation than murmurs and complaints ; murmurs at uneaſineſs which only vacancy and ſuſpicion expoſe them to feel, and complaints of diſtreſſes which it is in their own power to remove.

Lazineſs is commonly associated with timidity. Either fear originally prohibits endeavours by inſuſing deſpair of ſucceſs ; or the frequent failure of irrefolute ſtruggles, and the conſtant deſire of avoiding labour, impreſs by degrees falſe terrors on the mind. But fear, whether natural or acquired, when once it has full poſſeſſion of the fancy, never fails to employ it upon viſions of calamity ; ſuch as, if they are not diſſipated by uſeful employment, will ſoon overcaſt it with horrors, and imbitter life not only with thoſe miſeries by which all earthly beings are really more or leſs tormented, but with thoſe which do not yet exiſt, and which can only be diſcerned by the perſpicacity of cowardice.

Among

Among all who sacrifice future advantage to present inclination, scarcely any gain so little as those that suffer themselves to freeze in idleness. Others are corrupted by some enjoyment of more or less power to gratify the passions ; but to neglect our duties, merely to avoid the labour of performing them, a labour which is always punctually rewarded, is surely to sink under weak temptations.

Idleness never can secure tranquillity ; the call of reason and of conscience will pierce the closest pavilion of the sluggard, and, though it may not have force to drive him from his down, will be loud enough to hinder him from sleep. Those moments which he cannot resolve to make useful by devoting them to the great business of his being, will still be usurped by powers that will not leave them to his disposal ; remorse and vexation will seize upon them, and forbid him to enjoy what he is so desirous to appropriate.

There are other causes of inactivity incident to more active faculties and more acute discernment. He to whom many objects of pursuit arise at the same time, will frequently hesitate between different desires, till a rival has precluded him, or change his course as new attractions prevail, and
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harass himself without advancing. He who sees different ways to the same end, will, unless he watches carefully over his own conduct, lay out too much of his attention upon the comparison of probabilities and the adjustment of expedients, and pause in the choice of his road, till some accident intercepts his journey. He whose penetration extends to remote consequences, and who, whenever he applies his attention to any design, discovers new prospects of advantage and possibilities of improvement, will not easily be persuaded that his project is ripe for execution ; but will superadd one contrivance to another, endeavour to unite various purposes in one operation, multiply complications, and refine niceties, till he is entangled in his own scheme, and bewildered in the perplexity of various intentions. He that resolves to unite all the beauties of situation in a new purchase, must waste his life in roving to no purpose, from province to province. He that hopes in the same house to obtain every convenience, may draw plans and study *Palladio*, but will never lay a stone. He will attempt a treatise on some important subject, and amass materials, consult authors, and study all the dependent and collateral parts of learning, but never conclude himself qualified to write. He that has abilities to conceive perfections, will not easily be content with-

out it; and since perfection cannot be reached, will lose the opportunity of doing well in the vain hope of unattainable excellence.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true, that no diligence can ascertain success; death may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.

ANECDOTE

CONCERNING

MR. DRYDEN'S ODE.

RELATED BY MR. WARTON.

DRYDEN's Ode on the Power of Music is the most unrivalled of his compositions. Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him
in

in an unusual agitation of spirits even to a trembling. On enquiring the cause, " I have been up all night," replied the old bard: " my musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their feast of St Cecilia. I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it. Here it is finished at one sitting." And immediately he shewed him the ode, which places the British lyric poetry above that of any other nation.

This anecdote, as true as it is curious, was imparted by Lord Bolingbroke to Pope; by Pope to Mr. Gilbert West, and by him to the ingenious friend who communicated it to me.

The rapidity, and yet the perspicuity of the thoughts, the glory and expressiveness of the images, those certain marks of the first sketch of a master, conspire to corroborate the truth of the fact.

EPILOGUE

TO

I G N O R A M U S,

Acted at WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, in Dec. 1747.

SPOKEN BY

IGNORAMUS & MUSCÆUS.

Ign. **P**EACE, bookworm! blefs me, what a clerk have I!

A ftrange place fure—this univerfity!
 What's learning, virtue, modefty, or fenfe?
 Fine words to hear—but will they turn the pence?
 Thefe ftiff pedantic notions—far outweighs
 That one fhort, comprehensive thing—a face.
 Go, match it if you can with all your rules
 Of Greek or Roman, old or modern fchools:
 The total this of Ignoramūs' fkill,
 To carve his fortune—place him where you will,
 For not in law alone could I appear;
 My parts would fhine alike in any fphere.
 You've heard my fong in Rofabella's praife:
 And would I try the loftier ode to raife,
 You'd fee me foon—a rival for the bays.

Or I could turn a Journalift, and write
 With little wit, but large recruits of fpite;

Abufe

Abuse and blacken—just as party fways—
And lash my betters—these are thriving ways.

My mind to graver phyfic would I bend,
Think you I'd study Greek, like Mead or Friend ?
No—with some nostrum I'd ensure my fees,
Without the help of learning or degrees :
On drop or pill securely I'd rely,
And shake my head at the whole faculty.
Or would I take to orders——

Muf. Orders ! how ?

Ign. One not too scrupulous a way might know :
'Twere but the forging of a hand—or so.
In orders to my purposes I'd serve ;
And if I could not rise I would not starve.
With lungs and face I'd make my butcher stare,
Or publish—that I'd marry at May-fair.
These, these are maxims, that will stand the test :
But Universities—are all a jest.

Muf. I grant, a prodigy we sometimes view,
Whom neither of our seats of learning knew.
Yet sure none shine more eminently great,
In law or phyfic, in the church or state,
Than those who early drank the love of fame

At

At Cam's fair bank, or Isis' silver stream.
 Look round--here's proof enough this point to clear.

Ign. Bless me !—What—not one Ignoramus
 here ?

I stand convicted—what can I say more ?
 See—my face fails, which never fail'd before.
 How great so e'er I seem'd in Dulman's eye,
 Yet Ignorance must blush—when Learning's by.

ANECDOTE

OF

VOLTAIRE & LORD CHESTERFIELD.

THE late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a route in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies, when Voltaire thus accosted him :—" My Lord, I know you are a judge ; which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies ?"—" Upon my word," replied his Lordship, with his usual presence of mind, " I am no connoisseur in paintings."

In

Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a Nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield. A lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, and tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Sir," take care you are not captivated." "My Lord," replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

A

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE
RELATING TO
CAMILLA DE TURINGE,
AN ITALIAN LADY.

CAMILLA DE TURINGE, a rich and handsome lady of Messina, deserves to be placed in the rank of illustrious women. Roland, natural brother of Don Pedro, King of Sicily, to whom he had given the command of a fleet to oppose the enterprises of Robert, King of Naples, was defeated at sea, and made prisoner. For want
of

of power, or out of resentment, the King of Sicily did not redeem his brother, whose ransom amounted to twelve thousand florins. The handsome Messinian offered the sum to Roland, on condition that he should espouse her. Seeing no other means of escaping from his captivity, he willingly promised to marry his benefactress, as soon as he arrived at Messina.

By the payment of the twelve thousand florins, which he immediately received, Roland obtained his liberty, set sail, arrived, and thought but little of performing his promise, alledging the extreme disparity of their conditions. Camilla, who was determined to have justice, produced the promise signed by himself. The magistrates, struck at the uneasiness of the King, and fearing to lose his confidence, judged with rigour, and condemned Roland to keep his promise. Several of the Lords exhorted, encouraged, and accompanied him to Camilla, whose house was set out with the utmost magnificence, and who was dressed herself in the richest manner. Roland entreated her to forget the injurious resistance he had made, and declared that he was ready. "Stop," replied Camilla, "I am satisfied: I wished for a husband of royal blood, but you degraded yourself from your rank the moment you falsified your word,

called the coach), whether he could tell the number. Shuter, who was then no great adept in figures, except in his own way of scoring up a reckoning, immediately replied,—“ It was two pots of porter, a shillingworth of punch, and a paper of tobacco.” The gentleman upon this was as much at a loss as ever, till Ned whipped out his chalk, and thus scored the reckoning—4 4 for two pots of porter, 0 for a shillingworth of punch, and a line across the two pots of porter, for a paper of tobacco, which formed the number 440. The gentleman in consequence recovered his cane ; and thinking it a pity such acuteness of genius should be buried in an alehouse, took him away, and put him to school, and thereby enabled him to shine as the first comedian of his time !

ANECDOTE

OF

KING PEPIN.

KING PEPIN of France, who flourished in the year 750, was surnamed the Short, from his low stature, which some courtiers used
to

to make a subject of ridicule. These freedoms reaching his ears, he determined to establish his authority by some extraordinary feat ; and an opportunity soon presented itself.

In an entertainment which he gave of a fight between a bull and a lion, the latter had got his antagonist under ; when Pepin, turning towards his nobility said, “ Which of you will dare to go, and part or kill those furious beasts ? ” The bare proposal set them a shuddering ; nobody made answer. “ Then I’ll be the man,” replied the monarch. Upon which, drawing his sabre, he leapt down into the arena, made up to the lion, killed him—and, without delay, discharged such a stroke on the bull, as left his head hanging by the upper part of its neck. The courtiers were equally amazed at such courage and strength ; and the King, with an heroic loftiness, said to them, “ David was a little man ; yet he laid low the insolent giant, who had dared to despise him ”

ANECDOTE
OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth was at Osterly, the seat of Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange, she observed to him a wall at one side of the garden, which confined, in some respect, the prospect. Sir Thomas seemed to take no further notice of her Majesty's remark at that time than to coincide in it; but as soon as ever she retired to her chamber, he had prepared a number of workmen, in readiness, who had the wall entirely pulled down by morning. The Queen upon her walking the gardens, was surprized at the alteration; but, turning about to Sir Thomas, with great readiness observed, "she did not wonder that he that could build a *'Change*, could so readily change a building."

ILL

ILL CONSEQUENCES

OF

TERRIFYING YOUNG MINDS BY DISMAL
NARRATIONS.

LET not any person that are near them terrify their tender minds with dismal stories of witches and ghosts, of devils and evil spirits, of fairies and bugbears in the dark. This hath had a most mischievous effect on some children, and hath fixed in their constitutions such a rooted flattery and fear, that they have scarce dared to be left alone all their lives, especially in the night. These stories have made such a deep and frightful impression on their tender fancies, that it hath enervated their souls; it hath broken their spirits early; it hath grown up with them, and mingled with their religion; it hath laid a wretched foundation for melancholy and distracting sorrows.

Let these sort of informations be reserved for their firmer years, and let them not be told in their hearing till they can better judge what truth or reality there is in them, and be made sensible how much is owing to romance and fiction. Nor let their little hearts be frightened at three or four
years

years old, with shocking and bloody histories, with massacres and martyrdoms, with cuttings and burnings, with the images of horrible and barbarous murders, with racks and red hot pincers, with engines of torment and cruelty; with mangled limbs, and carcases drenched in gore. It is time enough, when their spirits are grown a little firmer, to acquaint them with these madnesses and miseries of human nature. There is no need that the history of the holy confessors and martyrs should be set before their thoughts so early in all their most ghastly shapes and colours. These things, when they are older, may be of excellent use to discover to them the wicked and bloody principles of persecution, both among the Heathens and Papists; and to teach them the power of the grace of Christ, in supporting these poor sufferers under all the torments which they sustained for the love of God and the truth.

ANECDOTE

OF

HENRY IV. KING OF FRANCE.

KING Henry would have his children call him *Papa*, or *Father*, and not *Sir*, which was the new fashion introduced by Catherine de Medicis,

Medicis. He used frequently to join in their amusements ; and one day that this restorer of France, and peace-maker of all Europe, was going on *all-fours* with the Dauphin, his son, on his back, an Ambassador suddenly entered the apartment, and surprised him in this attitude. The Monarch, without moving from it, said to him, “ *Monseigneur l’Ambassadeur*, have you any children?” “ Yes, Sire,” replied he. “ Very well, then ; I shall finish my race round my chamber.”

ANECDOTE

OF

L E W I S X I.

LEWIS XI. was usually attended by Tristan the hermit, his grand Provost, a barbarous Minister, and blind to all his master’s caprices. Being one day at dinner, he perceived, by the side of a monk, who had the curiosity to see the King dine, a Captain of Picardy, whom the Monarch detested. He gave a wink to the Provost Tristan, who, being accustomed to this kind of language, and thinking that his master wanted to have the monk dispatched, had him seized, upon

upon his retiring, by the Satellites, who tied him up in a sack, and threw him into the Seine. This was the method whereby Trifan used to get rid of those the King chose to destroy. The officer, who observed the sign given by Lewis, and knew his meaning, took horse and escaped with all possible speed. This the King was informed of, and asked Trifan the next day, why he had not executed his orders? "Sire," replied Trifan, "our man has got a good way before this time!" "A good way!" said the King; "he was seen yesterday at Amiens." "It is a mistake," replied Trifan boldly; "I'll warrant he is at Rouen, and not at Amiens, if he has been swimming ever since." "Who do you mean?" resumed the Monarch. "Why, the monk," answered Trifan, "whom you pointed to yesterday: he was immediately tied up in a sack, and thrown into the river!" "How, the monk!" said Lewis, "Good God! what hast thou done? He was the worthiest monk in my whole kingdom. A dozen masses of *requiem* must be said for him to-morrow, which will clear our consciences. I wanted only to have the Picardy Captain dispatched."

ANECDOTE

OF

DR. WALLIS.

IN the reign of that unfortunate Monarch, whose abdication put a period to the regal honours of the house of Stuart, Dr. Wallis was then Dean of Waterford, in Ireland ; and, during the troubles of that unhappy country at that period, suffered greatly in his private fortune, from his strong attachment to the Protestant faith.

After peace was restored, and our religion firmly established by the accession of King William, Wallis was presented to the Court of London, as a gentleman who had well merited the royal patronage : the King had before heard the story of his sufferings, and therefore immediately turning to the Dean, desired him to chuse any church preferment then vacant. Wallis (with all the modesty incident to men of real worth), after a due acknowledgement of the royal favour, requested the Deanery of Derry ! . “ How,” replied the King, in a transport of surprize, ask the Deanery, when you must know the Bishoprick of

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that

that very place is also vacant!" "True, my Liege," replied Wallis, "I do know it, but could not in honesty demand so great a benefice; conscious there are many other gentlemen who have suffered more than myself, and deserved better at your Majesty's hands; I therefore presume to repeat my former request." It is needless to add his request was granted. They parted: the Dean highly satisfied with his visit, and the King astonished at the noble instance of disinterestedness he had just been a witness of.

What a mind did this man possess! How praiseworthy! How laudable an example to his cloth! How different from the greedy Pluralists of this age! How many of our dignified clergy can lay their hands upon their hearts, and say with the Dean of Derry, "I am satisfied!"

GENUINE ANECDOTE.

A Nobleman, who had lately, for the second time, entered into the holy state of matrimony, with a lady of great accomplishments and fortune, has given the following remarkable proofs of his ingenuity and gallantry.

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An artist has for some time been employed by his Lordship on two pictures, one of them was the picture of his Lordship's late wife ; the artist has very carefully removed the lady's head, and upon the *old shoulders* skilfully placed the head of the new married lady. The other picture is still more extraordinary.—His Lordship is situated in the midst of the fire of his regiment, breathing all the terrible spirit of a general officer ; and at a little distance from the scene of action, in a phaeton, is seated his Lordship's new wife, most affectionately by the side of his old one. These pictures were very lately at an artist's in Pall-mall.

ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLEMAGNE.

SEVERAL boys had their education at the great school in Paris, by particular warrant from Charlemagne. This Prince, returning into France after a long absence, ordered those children to be brought to him, to produce *prose and*

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verse

verse compositions. It appeared that the performances of those of a middling and *obscure class* greatly excelled those of *higher birth* ; on which that wise Prince, separating the *diligent* from the *remiss*, and causing the former to be placed at his right hand, thus addressed them :

“ Beloved children, as you have sedulously applied yourselves to answer the end of my putting you to school, and have made proficiency in such studies as will be useful to you in the course of your life, you may be assured of my favour and good-will. Go on, exert your genius, carry your improvements to the highest pitch, and I will ever have a value for you, and reward you with *bishopricks* and *abbies*. Then turning to the left, with a stern countenance and contemptuous accent, he said ; “ And as for you *idlers of a noble blood*, unworthy children of the most eminent families in my kingdom, *male lilies, delicate puppets*, taken up with *beautifying yourselves*, because *titles* and *lands* will fall to your share ; you, forsooth, have made no account of my orders ; but, instead of walking in the path to true honour, and minding your studies, you have given yourselves up to *play* and *idleness*. I declare, however, upon my honour, that all your *nobility* and *girlish pretty faces*,
and

and *fine clothes*, are of *no weight* with me ; and depend on it, unless you *turn over a new leaf*, and by unwearied diligence recover your lost time, *you are never to expect any thing from Charles.*

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

— O BEAUTEOUS Peace ! [thou
 Sweet union of a state ! what else, but
 Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people !
 I bow, Lord Constable, beneath the snow
 Of many years ; yet in my breast revives
 A youthful flame. Methinks, I see again
 Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle,
 Ere by this wasteful fury of division,
 Worse than our Ætna's most destructive fires,
 It desolated sunk. I see our plains
 Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest ;
 Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports
 With chearful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh ;
 Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla blow.
 Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,
 Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

ON

ON

INTELLECTUAL EXERCISE.

EXERCISE is no less essential to the mind than to the body. The reasoning faculty, for example, without constant and varied exercise, will remain weak and undistinguishing to the end of life. By what means does a man acquire prudence and foresight, but by experience? In this respect, the mind resembles the body. Deprive a child of motion, and it will never acquire any strength of limbs. The many difficulties that men encounter, and their various objects of pursuit, rouse the understanding and set the reasoning faculty at work for means to accomplish desire. The mind, by continual exercise, ripens to its perfection; and by the same means, is preserved in vigour. It would have no such exercise in a state of uniform peace and tranquillity. Several of our mental faculties would be dormant; and we should even remain ignorant that we have such faculties.

The people of Paraguay are described as mere children in understanding. What wonder, considering their condition under Jesuit government,
without

without ambition, without property, without fear of want, and without desires.

The wants of those who inhabit the torrid zone are easily supplied. They need no clothing, scarce any habitations; and fruits, which ripen there to perfection, give them food without labour. Need we any other cause for their inferiority of understanding, compared with the inhabitants of other climates, where the mind, as well as body, are constantly at work for procuring necessities?

The blessings of ease and inaction are most poetically displayed in the following description. "O happy Laplander," says Linnæus, "who, on the utmost verge of the habitable earth, thus livest obscure, in rest, content, and innocence. Thou fearest not the scanty crop, nor ravages of war; and those calamities, which waste provinces and towns, can never reach thy peaceful shores. Wrapt in thy covering of fur, thou canst securely sleep,—a stranger to each tumultuous care,—unenvying, and unenvied.—"Thou fearest no danger but from the thunder of heaven. Thy harmless days slide on in innocence beyond the period of a century. Thy health is firm, and thy declining age is tranquil. Millions of diseases, which ravage the rest of the world.

world, have never reached thy happy climate. Thou livest as the birds of the wood. Thou carest not to sow nor reap, for bounteous Providence has supplied thee in all thy wants."

So eloquent a panegyrist upon the Lapland life would make a capital figure upon an oyster.

No creature is freer from want, no creature freer from war, and, probably no creature is freer from fear; which, alas! is not the case of the Laplander.

RESIGNATION.

THOU Power Supreme, by whose command
 I live,
 The grateful tribute of my praise receive;
 To thy indulgence, I my being owe,
 And all the joys which from that being flow;
 Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling year,
 And run their destin'd courses round the sphere,
 Since thou my undistinguish'd form survey'd,
 Among the lifeless heaps of matter laid.

Thy

Thy skill my elemental clay refin'd,
The straggling parts in beauteous order join'd,
With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
And stamp't thy sacred image on my soul;
A soul, susceptible of endless joy!
Whose frame, nor force, nor time, can e'er destroy;
But shall subsist, when nature claims my breath,
And bid defiance to the power of death;
To realms of bliss, with active freedom soar,
And live when earth and hell shall be no more.
Indulgent God, in vain my tongue assays,
For this immortal gift to speak thy praise!
How shall my heart, its grateful sense reveal,
When all the energy of words must fail?
Oh! may its influence in my life appear,
And every action, prove my thanks sincere.
Grant me, great God! a heart to thee inclin'd,
Increase my faith, and rectify my mind:
Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred ways,
And to thy service consecrate my days;
Still as thro' life's uncertain maze I stray,
Be thou the guiding-star to mark my way;
Conduct the steps of my unguarded youth,
And point their motions to the paths of truth.
Protect me by thy providential care,
And teach my soul t' avoid the tempter's snare.
Thro' all the various scenes of human life,
In calms of ease, or blust'ring storms of strife,

Thro' every turn of this inconstant state,
 Preserve my temper, equal and sedate.
 Give me a mind that bravely does despise,
 The low designs of artifice and lies.
 Be my religion, such as taught by thee,
 Alike from pride and superstition free.
 Inform my judgment, rectify my will,
 Confirm my reason, and my passions still.
 To gain thy favour be my only end,
 And to that scope may every action tend.
 Amidst the pleasures of a prosperous state,
 Whose flatt'ring charms too oft the mind elate,
 Still may I think to whom these joys I owe,
 And bless the bounteous hand from whence they
 flow :

Or if an adverse fortune be my share,
 Let not its terrors tempt me to despair,
 But bravely arm'd, a steady faith maintain,
 And own all best which thy decrees ordain ;
 On thy Almighty Providence depend,
 The best protector, and the surest friend.
 Thus on life's stage may I my part maintain,
 And at my exit thy applauses gain ;
 When thy pale herald summons me away,
 Support me in that great catastrophe ;
 In that last conflict guard me from alarms,
 And take my soul, expiring, to thy arms.

MORAD AND ABIMA,

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

I BRAHIM the Second, reigned over the empire of Persia; the lustre of whose virtues was resplendent as the burning luminary of the heavens, and the mildness of his reign inoffensive as the nocturnal reflector of its beams.

Nezam, the Beglerbeg of Curdistan, attended his royal master in the city of Isfahan: his sword had formerly supported him in his pretensions to the throne; and his counsels now guided him in the paths of justice, and rendered him beloved and revered by his subjects, whilst his name was held in respect by the most powerful nations of the east,

Abima, the daughter of Nezam, was beautiful as the damsels of Paradise. Her skin rivalled the whiteness of the snow on the mountains of Kirvan; her eyes were bright as the morning star, and her tresses vied in colour and glossiness with the fleeces of Astracan. When she smiled the dimples of the Houri adorned her cheek; and when she spoke, her voice was like the music in

the gardens of eternal delight, and her breath as fragrant as the breeze which gather perfumes in the vallies of Arabia.

But the gentle Abima had a heart susceptible of love; and while Nezam, to secure to his daughter wealth, grandeur, and rank, engaged her hand to the rich and powerful Abubekar, she secretly plighted her faith to the brave, the generous, the youthful Morad. Nor was Nezam unsuspicious of his daughter's engagements, he knew and honoured the virtues of Morad; but his possessions were unequal to the extensive domains of Abubekar, whose camels were counted by thousands, and whose flocks and herds were as innumerable as the sands on the sea shore.

Yet not the diamonds of the royal turban, or the rubies which glittered in the throne of Ibrahim, could have purchased the chaste affections of the faithful Abima. The heart she had surrendered to Morad was incapable of change; nor did she hesitate to comply with his intreaties, to bind herself by those indissoluble ties which transfer the rights of the parent to a protector of another name: and influenced by a passion as pure as the light which issues from the third heaven, she

she abandoned the splendid mansions of Nezam, and fled to the humble dwelling of Morad.

No sooner was the flight of Abima discovered by her ambitious father, than he pursued her to the habitation of Morad ; and with all the authority of a parent and all the pride of offended dignity, demanded at his hands the treasure which he suspected to be in his possession.

But the happy, the enraptured Morad, though gentle as the doves of Circassia, and humble as the Faquir who traverses the approaches of the sacred temple of Mecca ; in the defence of his love, was fierce as the lion of mount Caucasus : and of his honour, as the tyger which hunts the banks of the Ganges. Equally above deceit and fear, he avowed the possession of his adored, his faithful Abima ; and his intentions to retain the glorious prize in his hands, at the risque of what he esteemed far less valuable, that life, which, without her, would cease to be the object of his care.

Enraged at the bold determination of the intrepid Morad, the father of the fair fugitive retired to the house of the enamoured Abubekar ; and having communicated the intelligence so fatal
to

to his hopes, they proceeded together to the Divan, and waited with impatience the appearance of the sovereign of Persia.

No sooner did the trumpets proclaim the approach of the monarch, than the trembling Nezam having thrice prostrated himself before the throne, and thrice invoked the prophet he adored, to render his sovereign propitious to his prayer, he thus laid before him the source of his griefs, and demanded redress for injuries which he represented as unequalled.

“ Father of thy people! light of the sun! friend of Ali! prince of the faithful! governor of the world! at whose frown all the nations of the earth tremble, at whose smile the three known quarters of the terrestrial globe rejoice! thou who assertest the rights of all true believers, and punishest those who offend, without regard to power or condition! if the sword of Nezam hath ever been drawn in thy defence, if his arm hath ever been extended successfully against thine enemies! if thou hast ever profited by his councils, or his friendly suggestions have shielded thee from impending danger, attend to my complaints, and afford to the wretched Nezam, that justice for which

which the meanest of thy subjects have never sued in vain.

“ Morad, the perfidious Morad ! hath invaded the mansions of happiness and peace : he hath ravished from me the delight of my eye, and the comfort of my age ; he hath covered my head with disgrace, and filled mine eyes with sorrow—Oh ! Abima, Abima ! lost, deluded Abima ! ”

Passion had now overwhelmed the disappointed Nezam, and stopped the utterance of words.

When Ibrahim, adorned with all the dignity of sovereignty, and all the grace of conscious virtue, arose from his throne, and thus addressed his agitated suppliant :

“ Nezam, if thy complaint is as unfounded as thy suspicions of Abraham, thou seekest not justice, but partial favour ; which thou shalt never receive at the hands of the humble vice-gerent of Heaven, who hath armed his servant with authority for purposes in which friendship hath no interest, nor favour the smallest share ; but if thou hast, indeed, received injury from Morad ; if he has defrauded thee of thy parental rights, and possesses, without thy consent, the child of thy bosom ;

son ; were he as dear to my heart as Mirza, the heir of my throne, justice should tear him from my affections, and the sentence of my lips decree him to make restitution.

Abubekar now approached the throne ; and having confirmed the charge of Nezam, and claimed the interest of an affianced husband in Abima, the officers of justice were dispatched to bring the delinquent into the royal presence : and to conduct thither, also, the partner of his heart, the fair object of contention, the gentle Abima. In a very few minutes a general murmur, which ran through the assembly, announced the entrance of the faithful lovers.

Morad, with a manly and modest air, led the trembling and weeping Abima to the foot of the throne ; and the charge of Nezam and the claim of Abubekar, having been stated to him, the monarch of Persia called on him for a defence ; and admonished him to beware how he trespassed the bounds of truth, or attempted an excuse founded in the slightest imposition.

But the virtuous Morad needed no such caution : he scorned to purchase even happiness at the price of dishonour ; and though he held his

Abima

Abiam dearer than his life, yet he would much rather abandon both than retain them at the expence of falshood. He acknowledged, and he gloried in his love; he confessed his having prevailed on the fair Abima to prefer him to her more wealthy lover, and he justified her choice, by a fair and candid comparifon between his own age, perfon, and qualifications, and thofe of the rejected Abubekar.

But the declarations of Morad amounted rather to a confeffion than an extenuation of his guilt; and Ibrahim, though his heart acknowledged the truth and felt the force of his excufes, found himfelf compelled to render the juftice he had promifed to Nezam, and to condemn the unfortunate Morad to the fevereft of all punifhments, the parting with his adored Abima! but like a gracious judge, he tempered the rigid letter of the law, with the mildeft interpoftion of humanity; and whilft he pronounced the following fentence, the foft tear of pity reflected more luftre on his cheek than all the diamonds in his crown.

“ Morad, thy condemnation proceeds from thine own mouth! Thou haft taken the daughter of Nezam, without the confent of her father;
G
and

and the contracted wife of Abubekar, without his permission. Restore, then, to the parent his child, and to the lover his mistress: and to console thee for thy loss, Ibrahim will advance thy fortune, and raise thee to such dignities and honours, that the chiefs of the empire shall court thy alliance, and thou shalt chuse a representative for the fair Abima, among the choicest beauties of Isfahan."

"Father of the faithful," replied the unfortunate Morad, "thy servant bows down in humble and submissive gratitude before the just and gracious minister of Heaven! The favours thy goodness would extend to the meanest of thy subjects, bestow on some more worthy and more fortunate object. The wretched Morad murmurs not at thy decree, but he has lost his Abima; the world has no charms for him; and he will court death as a relief from pain, and seek it as the only shelter from his sorrows!"

Morad, having pronounced these words, quitted the hand of Abima; and whilst every heart melted at his distress, bowed in silence to the throne, and prepared to quit the assembly.

At

At this instant Abubekar made his way through the crowd which surrounded the weeping fair; and having seized the hand which had just been grasped by her more favoured lover, he besought the Monarch to acknowledge his claim to Abima before Morad should be suffered to depart; and this request having been complied with, he thus addressed the disconsolate lover :

“ Morad, thou hast reason to complain that the wealth of Abubekar hath proved a bar to thy happiness; but the gracious Being who distributes prosperity and adversity, frames also the minds of his creatures, and endows them with faculties to enjoy, and patience to endure. On me the Almighty power hath lavished in abundance the bounties of his hand, and he hath also blessed me with desire to enjoy; but he hath tempered my enjoyments with prudence to controul my passions, and he hath restrained my inclinations, by reason, within the bounds of temperance and moderation.

“ Thinkest thou, Morad, that my enjoyments consist in gratifications purchased at the expence of misery to my fellow creatures? or that the soft sensations which move the mind of the magnanimous Ibrahim, are strangers to the breast

of the less distinguished Abubekar? Thinkest thou, that whilst the fountain of his humanity flows with oil to pour into the wounds of affliction, the sources of Abubekar's pity are dried up, and his heart steeled against the noble feelings of humanity? At my hands, deserving Morad, accept the choicest of earthly blessings, a beautiful and virtuous wife; may Ali, the friend of our prophet, crown thy union with unfading felicity; and Ibrahim, his lieutenant, dispense to thee, and the fair and faithful Abima, the full measure of thy deserts in power, riches, and honour."

TRUTH.

NOTHING appears so low and mean as lying and dissimulation; and it is observable, that only weak animals endeavour to supply by craft, the defects of strength, which nature has not given them.

Nothing is so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth: for this reason, there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any design to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Truth

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out : it is always near at hand, and fits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware, whereas a lye is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack.

Truth, in every thing, is still the same, and, like its great Author, can be but one ; and the sentence of reason stands as firm as the foundation of the earth.

Truth is born with us, and we must do violence to our nature, to shake off our veracity.

Now by the Gods, it is not in the pow'r
Of painting or of sculpture to express,
Aught so divine as the fair form of Truth!
The creatures of their art may catch the eye,
But her sweet nature captivates the soul.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

WROTE BY THE

EARL OF ESSEX,

TO HIS PARTICULAR FRIEND THE EARL
OF SOUTHAMPTON,

SOMETIME BEFORE HIS DEATH.

WITH respect to your natural gifts and abilities, remember, First, that you have nothing which you have not received. Secondly, that you possess them, not as a Lord over them, but as one who must give an account for them. Thirdly, if you employ them to serve this world, or your own worldly delight, which the Prince of this world will seek to entertain you with ; it is ingratitude, it is injustice, yea, it is perfidious treachery. For what would you think of such a servant of your's, who should convert your goods committed to his charge, to the advantage or service of your greatest enemy ? And what do you less than this with God ; since you have all from him, and know that the world, and the Princes thereof, are at continual enmity with him ? Therefore, if ever the admonition of your truest friend shall be heard by you ; or, if your country, which you may serve in so great and many things, be dear
unto

unto you ; if your God, whom you must (if you deal truly with yourself) acknowledge to be powerful over all, and just in all, be feared by you ; yea, if you be dear unto yourself, and prefer an everlasting happiness before a pleasant dream, out of which you must shortly awake, and then repent in the bitterness of your soul ; if any of these things be regarded by you, then, I say, call yourself to account for what is past, cancel all the leagues you have made without the warrant of a religious conscience ; make a regular covenant with your God to serve him with all your natural and spiritual, inward and outward gifts and abilities : and then he, who is faithful and cannot lie, and hath promised to honour those who honour him, will give you that inward peace of soul, and true joy of heart, which, till you have, you will never rest ; and which, when you have, you shall never be shaken ; and which you can never attain to any other way !

AN E C D O T E

OF

AN INDIAN WOMAN.

SOME historians have lately asserted, that the custom of widows burning themselves on the funeral pile of their husbands, no longer exists. There are some recent instances of it transmitted by Europeans, who were witnesses of the transactions they related.

Not many years ago died Rham-Chund, pundit of the Mahratta tribe. His widow, aged seventeen or eighteen years, as soon as he expired, immediately declared to the bramins, and witnesses present, her resolution to burn. As the family were of great importance, all her relations and friends left no arguments unattempted to dissuade her from her purpose.

The state of her infant children, the terrors and pangs of the death she aspired after, were painted to her in the strongest and most lively colours ; but she was deaf to all. Her children, indeed, she seemed to leave with some regret. But when the terrors of burning were mentioned to her, with

with a countenance calm and resolved, she put one of her fingers into the fire, and held it there a considerable time. Then, with one of her hands, she put fire into the palm of the other, sprinkled incense upon it, and fumigated the attending bramins or priests. Being given to understand that she should not obtain permission to burn, she fell immediately into deep affliction. But soon recollecting herself, she answered, “ that death would still be in her power ; and that if she were not allowed to make her exit according to the principles of her cast, she would starve herself.” Finding her thus resolved, her friends were, at last, obliged to consent to her proposal.

Early on the following morning, the body of the deceased was carried down to the water-side. The widow followed about ten o'clock, accompanied by the principal bramins, her children, relations, and a numerous crowd of spectators. As the order for her burning did not arrive till after one o'clock, the interval was employed in praying with the bramins, and washing in the Ganges. As soon as it arrived, she retired, and staid about half an hour in the midst of her female relations. She then divested herself of her bracelets, and other ornaments ; and having tied them in a kind of apron, which hung before her, was

conducted by the females to a corner of the pile. On the pile was an arched arbour, formed of dry sticks, boughs, and leaves ; and open at one end to admit her entrance. In this was deposited the body of the deceased ; his head at the end, opposite the opening.

At that corner of the pile to which she had been conducted, a bramin had made a small fire, round which she and three bramins sat for a few minutes. One of them then put into her hand a leaf of the bale-tree, of the wood of which a part of the funeral pile is always constructed. She threw the leaf into the fire, and one of the others gave her a second leaf, which he held over the flame, whilst he three times dropped some ghee on it, which melted and fell into the fire.

Whilst these things were doing, a third bramin read to her some portions of the Aughtorrah Beid, and asked her some questions, which she answered with a steady and serene countenance. These being over, she was led with great solemnity three times round the pile, the bramins reading before her.

When she came the third time to the small fire, she stopped, took her rings off her toes and fingers,
and

and put them to her other ornaments ; then taking a solemn and majestic leave of her children, parents and relations, one of the bramins dipped a large wick of cotton in some ghee, and giving it lighted into her hand, led her to the open side of the arbour, where all the bramins fell at her feet. She blessed them, and they retired weeping.

She then ascended the pile, and entered the arbour, making a profound reverence at the feet of the deceased, and then, advancing, seated herself by his head. In silent meditation she looked on his face for the space of a minute. She then set fire to the arbour in three places. But soon observing that she had kindled it to leeward, and that the wind blew the flames from her, she arose, set fire to the windward side, and placidly resuming her station, sat there with a dignity and composure which no words can convey an idea of.

The pile-being of combustible matter, the supporters of the roof were soon consumed, and the whole tumbled in upon her, putting an end at once to her courage and her life.

A

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE

OF A

DECAYED GENTLEMAN.

THE consciousness of being beloved, softens our chagrins, and enables a great part of mankind to support the misery of existence. The affections must be exercised upon something; for not to love is to be miserable. “Were I in a desert,” says Sterne, “I would find something in it to call forth my affections. If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to. I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn; and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice with them.” But the following anecdote will illustrate this reasoning better than the most beautiful reflections.

A re-

A respectable character, after having long figured away in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week a quantity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his support ; and yet, at length, he demanded more. On this, the curate sent for him. He went. " Do you live alone ?" said the curate. " With whom, Sir," answered the unfortunate man, " is it possible that I should live ? I am wretched. You see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world." " But, Sir," continued the curate, " if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself ?" The other was quite disconcerted, and, at last, with great reluctance confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject. He desired him to observe that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and, that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog."—" Ah ! Sir," exclaimed the poor man, weeping, " and if I lose my dog, who is there then to love me ?"—The good pastor, melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, " Take this, Sir," said he ;—" this is mine—this I can give."

ELEGY

E L E G Y

WRITTEN AT THE

APPROACH OF SPRING.

STERN winter hence with all his train removes,
And chearful skies and limpid streams are
seen ;

Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves ;
Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yet lovelier scenes shall crown th'advancing year,
When blooming spring's full bounty is display'd ;
The smile of beauty ev'ry vale shall wear ;
The voice of song enliven ev'ry shade.

O fancy, paint not coming days too fair !
Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field :

But should kind spring her wonted bounty show'r,
The smile of beauty and the voice of song ;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun,

I shun the scenes where madd'ning passion raves,
 Where pride and folly high dominion hold ;
 And unrelenting av'rice drives her slaves
 O'er prostrate virtue in pursuit of gold :

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
 The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flow'rs gay,
 The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield
 Than all the pomp imperial domes display.

And yet ev'n here amid these secret shades,
 These simple scenes of unprov'd delight,
 Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
 And death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial flow'rs succeed,
 (The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom ;)
 While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the
 mead,
 Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume.

O why alone to hapless man deny'd,
 To taste the bliss inferior beings boast ?
 O why this fate that fear and pain divide
 His few short hours on earth's delightful coast ?

Ah ! cease—no more of Providence complain !
 'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
 Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
 And palls each joy by heav'n indulg'd below.

Why

Why else the smiling infant-train so blest,
 Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,
 Or wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
 Or ill propension ripens into sin?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
 As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
 To them their joys sincere the season yields,
 And all their days and all their prospects please;

Such joys were mine when from the peopl'd streets,
 Where on 'Thamesis' banks I liv'd immur'd;
 The new-blown fields that breath'd a thousand
 sweets,
 To Surry's wood-crown'd hills my steps allur'd.

O happy hours, beyond recov'ry fled!
 What share I now "that can your loss repay,"
 While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are
 spread,
 And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no pow'r this darkness to remove?
 The long-lost joys of Eden to restore?
 Or raise our views to happier seats above,
 Where fear, and pain, and death shall be no more?

Yes,

Yes, those there are who know a Saviour's love,
 The long-lost joys of Eden can restore ;
 And raise their views to happier seats above,
 Where fear, and pain, and death shall be no more.

Those grateful share the gift of nature's hand,
 And in the vari'd scenes that round them shine ;
 The fair, the rich, the awful, and the grand,
 Admire th'amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamell'd vale,
 Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays ;
 Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
 But claims their wonder and excites their praise !

For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,
 For them more lively hues the fields adorn ;
 To them more fair the fairest smile of day,
 To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the bliss that hope and faith supply,
 They pass serene th'appointed hours that bring,
 The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
 The day that centres in eternal spring.

DORILACIA ;
OR, THE
FAIR CAPTIVE.

AN ANECDOTE OF ANCIENT CHIVALRY.

IN the line of crusadoes every woman was a beauty, every man was an hero. The virtues of the female were then unsuspected ; the courage of the hero was to be proof against any antagonist, and he was, at the hazard of his life, to evince, that his PRECIEUSE was both more beautiful and more virtuous than any other of the sex.—Where is there a knight adventurer now who would undertake either?

Dorilacia, though unseeking, was fought for by the King of ****. The fame of her personal charms were great ; that of her virtues, were still greater.—The Prince of **** sued for her : his martial virtues recommended him to the choice of her father. Martial virtues in a man, were, in the time of the crusadoes, of the greatest estimation.—She was promised to the Prince—but promises before marriage are generally frustrated. A parent will frequently set himself against the obligation entered into by his daughter.

A rival

A rival will sometimes frustrate the promise, the obligation, by the death of the rival..

Betrothed, as it were, to Prince Rhadamont, Dorilacia was to experience a different fate, a fate unforeseen, a fate too cruel for one who left it to her father to choose her a partner for life.

The object of her father's choice, after the most affectionate adieu, parted from her to encounter the Saracens.

In the interim, the Saracen Prince burst into the sacred inclosure wherein she was—saw her charms—saw, was inflamed, and was determined to make her his own.

He forced her upon a palfry, and obliged her domestic, her favourite female to attend her.

Her agitations were great for many a mile. The courtesies of the Saracen were not less, which was an unusual phenomenon.

Arriving at a retired place, and finding her rather worn out with fatigue, he carried her to the umbrageous retirement of a wood; there he breathed the softest vows, the softest accents of

inflamed love; but he breathed them in vain. Virtue established on the rock of religion, very seldom totters, if established in infancy.

The foes of virtue, when repulsed, generally exercise revenge, generally give themselves up to the instigation of malice. As Dorilacia would not comply with the whispers of an illicit passion, the Prince threatened her with the punishment of being tied hand and foot, and cast into the waves of the inexorable ocean. She braved his threats, she submitted to be bound. She was, by the order of the Prince, cast into the devouring waves: but Providence, which watches over the paths of unshaken innocence and chastity, ordered the wave on which she floated to leave her on the crumbling strand. Her situation had before left her on the margin of the sea.

Her intended husband fortunately arrived in his vessel on the strand. The first object he saw was Dorilacia. His domestics likewise descried her, and with uplifted arms, and all the outrages of grief, testified their lamentations for her seeming loss. The cords with which she was bound were unloosed, and when the measures lately revived for the recovery of drowned persons were made use of, she returned to life, and she lived to bless the world with a numerous race of heroes.

CHARITY,

REMARKABLE DECISION

IN A CASE OF

V A N I T Y.

HISTORY has preserved the memory of an Emperor, perhaps equal to any of antiquity, for his abhorrence to the partial distinction of birth. He knew wherein true glory consisted, and could distinguish it from that which was only so in appearance. He proved the truth of that excellent saying of Tacitus, "Those who know how properly to govern an Empire, throw off its formalities."

To comprehend this action of Charles the Fifth in its fullest extent, we must consider the incomparable lustre and magnificence of the Court of that Emperor at Brussels, which was at that time the most polite, free, and populace, and the center of power; here Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, were treated with equal respect, and
merit

merit only was suffered to claim a superior consideration.

In this Court, which was filled with persons of the most illustrious rank, who boasted of Roman Kings for their ancestors, were two ladies of the first quality. A dispute had arisen between them, which, in point of pre-eminence, had a right to enter the church first. The Emperor, in order to put a stop to all future contests of superiority of birth, determined to be himself arbiter in this cause.

We may figure to ourselves the intrigues, cabals, solicitations, recommendations, long lists of illustrious ancestors, supported by indubitable authorities, that were formed on this occasion; indeed, all Brussels was in alarm, and resembled England in the time of a general election. All this while the Emperor, who viewed this bustle with a smile, was not in the least affected by this parade of false glory; but remained fixed to his design, immoveable as a rock.

The day at last approached, in which this weighty and momentous affair was to be decided. Had the fate of Kings and Empires been at stake,
the

the general attention of people of all ranks could not have been more attracted, than it was upon this idle dispute about nothing. The hopes and fears of opposite parties, the wagers of fools, the predictions of pretended sages, the solemnity of the place, the brilliancy of the assembly, and the gravity of the Emperor, are all much easier to be imagined than expressed.

Surely the consternation, shame, and confusion of both parties, must be great indeed, when they heard the Emperor pronounce these words as a final decree : “ Let the most foolish of the two have the preference.”

AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE.

AN Arab going to complain to the Sultan of some depredations committed in his house by two unknown persons, the Sultan instantly repaired thither, and causing the light to be extinguished, seized the criminals, had their heads enveloped in a cloak, and gave orders that they should be stabbed. The execution being thus performed,

performed, he ordered the flambeaux brought with him to be again lighted; and, having examined the body of the criminals, lifted up his hands, and returned thanks to God.

“What favour,” said the Visier, “have you then received from heaven?”

“Visier,” replied the Sultan, “I thought my son had been the author of these crimes; therefore I ordered the lights to be put out, and the faces of these unhappy wretches to be covered with a cloak. I was fearful, lest paternal tenderness should induce me to fail in justice which I owe to my subjects. Judge whether I ought not to thank heaven, when I find myself just, without taking away the life of my son!”

ANECDOTE

OF

DEAN SWIFT.

IT has not been remarked by any of his historians, but the Dean entertained a most violent hatred to the memory of William III. which he often

often expressed in very bitter terms when in the company of his intimates. He was accustomed to stile that Monarch a bloody and remorseless tyrant, and would commonly add, that "so far from this country receiving any benefit from him, he and his favourites only were the gainers."

Swift dined one day with several friends of both parties in Crow-street, when the conversation turned upon a paraphrase Concannon had lately made of Prior's celebrated epitaph. It was as follows ;

Hold MATTHEW PRIOR, by your leave,
Your epitaph is somewhat odd ;
BOURBON and you were sons of Eve,
NASSAU the offspring of a God.

The Dean, shaking his head, said, " Let us see whether a man, who is neither a fool nor a parasite, cannot write four lines that will sound as well as those," and taking Doctor Sheridan's pencil wrote the following :

Hold friend CONCANNON, by your leave,
Your paraphrase is rather civil ;
BOURBON and MAT were sons of EVE,
NASSAU the offspring of a DEVIL.

K

AN

AN ODE

TO

N A R C I S S A.

THY fatal shafts unerring move;
 I bow before thine altar, Love!
 I feel thy soft, resistless flame
 Glide swift through all my vital frame!

For while I gaze my bosom glows,
 My blood in tides impetuous flows;
 Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
 And floods of transport overwhelm my soul!

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
 In soothing murmurs to complain;
 My tongue some secret magic ties,
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
 And ever drop the silent tear;
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
 Unfriended live, unpitied die!

SINGULAR

SINGULAR ACT OF GENEROSITY AND CONTINENCE.

THE Marquis de Breze, Admiral of France, son to a Marshal and Duke of the same name, had a visit paid him at Paris by a widow and her daughter, of a neighbouring province to that of his family; the daughter was of a comely stature, her features regular, her complexion admirable, and about six years younger than the Admiral, who was then of much the same age with Scipio, when he conquered Carthage.

The mother began first to tell him her name, by which it appeared she was one of the best families in Anjou, and then declared to him, that she was engaged in a troublesome suit at law, which endangered her whole, and that a small estate; that she had borrowed of all her friends; that a wicked and cheating lawyer was fully resolved to reduce her to a most shameful poverty, and without powerful support would carry his point.

The Admiral prayed her to accept of three hundred louis d'ors to carry on her suit, and gave orders for a coach to be sent to her every morn-

ing, in which she might go and see her judges : He himself became her solicitor, and managed the business so well, that she carried the cause, and recovered full costs against her adversary.

When, after all this, the Lady went to thank the young Admiral for all the favours he had been pleased to heap upon her, she gave him to understand that she could not express how much she was indebted to him, and that she had nothing but her daughter, then present, that could make him satisfaction for his kindness to her.

The Admiral being surprized with an offer so little expected, took aside the young lady, in the presence of her mother, to a corner of the chamber, declared to her in what manner her honour and salvation were in danger, and advised her to give herself to none but God ; and because he found she was already in the same opinion with him, he took both mother and daughter into the coach, and carried them to a convent, where he left the young lady.

When he had paid the pension due for the first year, a day or two before she was professed, he gave the Abbess of the Monastery eight hundred pistoles, and caused an Act to be passed in the
name

name of the young lady, without mentioning his own name in it. There could be nothing (allowing for the superstition of the times) more generous, or more heroic, than this.

ANECDOTE

OF THE EARL OF STAIR,

AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF VERSAILLES,

IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE I.

ONE day the Regent of France, attended with a most splendid retinue, went in his coach to pay the British Ambassador (the Earl of Stair) a visit; which his Excellency being informed of, prepared for his reception. The coach halted at the gate; and when the Earl of Stair came out of his apartment, the Regent rose up, partly alighted from his coach, set one foot on the ground, and kept the other fixed on the step. His Excellency, in the mean time, was advancing out of the gate; but observing the posture the Regent was in, he stopped short, then turned about, and walked three or four times backward and

and forward, and at last asked one of the Regent's attendants, " Whether his Royal Highness was come to visit him as his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, or as Earl of Stair ? "

To which receiving no answer, he replied, " If he comes to see my Lord Stair, I shall reckon it my greatest honour to receive any one officer of the Crown, much more the Duke-Regent, at the door of his coach ; but if he comes to visit the Ambassador of my Royal Master, I think I should be unworthy the trust reposed in me, if I went a step further than I have done. "

This being told to the Regent, he re-entered the coach, and afterwards caused signification to be made to his Excellency, that he was not desirous of seeing him at Court, and for some months the Earl actually withdrew.

This was intended by the Regent as a slight on the British Ambassador ; but the wary and vigilant Stair knew the etiquette of Courts too well, and had too much the honour of his Royal Master at heart, and the dignity of his country to be entrapped by him.

EQUANIMITY.

EVIL is uncertain, in the same degree, as good; and for the reason we ought not to hope too securely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The state of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the result of the next vicissitude. Whatever is afloat in the stream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blast, which shall happen to cross the general course of the current. The sudden accidents by which the powerful are depressed, may fall upon those whose malice we fear; and the greatness by which we expect to be overborne, may become another proof of the false flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow strong, before our encounter; or we may advance against each other without ever meeting. There are indeed natural evils, which we can flatter ourselves with no hopes of escaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the opposition of rival interests, we may always alleviate the terror, by considering that our persecutors are weak, ignorant, and mortal, like ourselves.

ANECDOTE

OF

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

FEW people were greater admirers of prudence and œconomy than Sir Richard Steele was in precept; yet nothing could be more disagreeable to his temper than the practice of either. A turn naturally gay and expensive, frequently reduced him to difficulties, and exposed him to some circumstances rather painful to a disposition so delicate and refined.

Among the number of people who were highly charmed with his conversation and writings, none professed a greater admiration of both than a Lincolnshire Baronet, who usually sat at Button's. This gentleman possessed a very large fortune, had great interest, and more than once solicited Sir Richard Steele to command his utmost ability, and he should think himself under no little obligation. These offers, though made with the most seeming cordiality, Sir Richard, however, declined, with a grateful politeness peculiar to himself, as at that time he stood in no need of the gentleman's assistance. But some instance of extravagance

gance having once reduced him to the necessity of borrowing a sum of money to satisfy an importunate creditor, he thought this a very proper opportunity of calling on his friend, and requesting the loan of a hundred pounds for a few days.

The gentleman received him with much civility and respect, began to renew his offers of service, and begged Sir Richard would give him an occasion to shew his friendship and regard.

“ Why, Sir,” said Sir Richard, “ I came for that very purpose ; and if you can lend me an hundred pounds for a few days, I shall consider it as a singular favour.”

Had Sir Richard clapped a pistol to his breast, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater surprize than at this unexpected request. His offers of friendship had only been made on a supposition of their never being accepted, and intended only as so many baits for Sir Richard’s intimacy and acquaintance, of which the gentleman, whilst it cost him nothing, was particularly proud. Recovering, however, from his surprize, he stammered out : “ Why, really Sir Richard,

L I would

I would serve you to the utmost of my power ; but at present I have not twenty guineas in the house."

Sir Richard, who saw through the pitiful evasion, was heartily vexed at the meanness and excuse. " And so, Sir," said he, " you have drawn me in to expose the situation of my affairs, with a promise of assistance, and now refuse any mark of your friendship or esteem ! A disappointment I can bear, but must not put up with an insult ; therefore, be so obliging as to consider whether it is more agreeable to comply with the terms of my request, or to submit to the consequences of my resentment."

Sir Richard spoke this in so determined a tone, that the Baronet was startled ; and said, (seeming to recollect himself)—" Lord, my dear Sir Richard ! I beg ten thousand pardons ; upon my honour I did not remember. Bless me ! I have a hundred pound note in my pocket, which is entirely at your service !" So saying, he produced the note, which Sir Richard immediately put up ; and then addressed him in the following manner :

" Though I despise an obligation from a person of so mean a cast as I am satisfied you are ; yet, rather than be made a fool, I chose to accept of this

this hundred pounds, which I shall return when it suits my conveniency. But, that the next favour you confer may be done with a better grace, I must take the liberty of pulling you by the nose, as a proper expedient to preserve your recollection; which Sir Richard accordingly did, and then took his leave of the poor Baronet, who was not a little surpris'd at the oddity of his behaviour.

ON A

PASSION FOR RETIREMENT:

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

HORTENSIUS, COLUMELLA, & ATTICUS.

“**T**HIS passion (says Hortensius) is become a prevailing evil in the world. We are all for quitting the stage before we have performed our parts. Every little clerk in office must have his villa, and every tradesman his country-house. A cheesemonger retires to his little pasteboard edifice on Turnham-Green, and, when smoking his pipe under his codling-hedge on his gravel-walk made of coal ashes, fancies himself a second Scipio or Cincinnatus in his retreat, and returns

with reluctance to town on Monday night, or perhaps deserts it till Tuesday morning, regardless of his shop, and his inquisitive and disgusted customers."

" Yes, (says Atticus), and I remember, even in Oxford, my old barber cut my face once or twice, while he was haranguing upon the felicity, and venting his wishes for a snug rural retreat. All his ambition was to retire into some country town, where there was a good ring of bells, and two sermons on a Sunday."

" And yet (says Hortensius) these sanctified recluses are generally disappointed of their promised felicity in a country life ; and either contrive to bring down their town friends to visit them daily in their solitude, or else soon return to the place from whence they came. Some indeed quite disgusted, or not being able to breathe in the smoke of the town, yet not finding that happiness which they expected in the country, shift the scene from one place to another, till death overtakes them in the career, and lodges them quietly in their grave ; entitled to the well-known epitaph,

" Hic quiescit, qui nunquam quievit :"

" Here rests the man, who never was at rest."

" In

“ In short, these restless, unsettled searchers after happiness, are not unlike the ungodly in King David’s time, whom he had seen flourishing like the green bay-tree.—‘ But I went by, (says he) and lo, he was gone : I sought him, and his place could no where be found.’ His place is no where to be found ; that is, his Chinese rails are demolished by a person of an higher and more exquisite taste : a blank wall is erected to conceal the house from the gaping traveller ; and, in short, his place is so entirely new modelled by some new candidate for retired happiness, that it hath lost its identity : we seek for it in vain, and it is no where to be found.”

Columella smiled at his friend’s vehemence, and owned he himself had observed one remarkable instance of this inconstancy of mankind in their researches after happiness. “ A fellow (says he) who kept a little ale-house in the suburbs of Bath, where I have found it convenient to put my horse these ten years, whenever I go thither ; this man, having a well-accustomed house, had made a tolerable competence by the time he was fifty : and being an old bachelor, retired to a neat box which he had bought, about half a mile out of town, on the most dusty part of the Bristol road. Here, by gaping about and smoking his pipe all day,

day, he contrived to pass one summer in tolerable spirits ; but on the approach of winter, he grew dull and melancholy, and before Christmas took a lodging at a gingerbread shop in the suburbs, next door to his own ale-house ; and by looking out of his window during the winter, and sitting at the door in the summer, he seems again to enjoy a tolerable existence.

“ However, (adds Columella, with a more serious air,) I hope you would not draw any argument against an elegant and philosophical retirement, from such instances as these ; from people that are incapable of thinking, or perhaps of reading, and supplying the wants of company with the conversation of poets and philosophers, and the greatest men of antiquity.”

“ Why (says Atticus) this philosophical retirement appears plausible enough in speculation ; but I am afraid you have found it very unsatisfactory in practice. You fancy yourself an hermit and a philosopher ; but I am afraid your vulgar neighbours look upon you as an enthusiast at least, if not a madman.”

“ Yes (says Hortensius) people may talk of their Arcadias and their Elysian fields,—I am sure we
have

have spent a very happy fortnight in Columella's delightful retreat, and I should wish to spend a few months every summer in the country ; but rather than be confined the whole winter in so absolute a solitude, I had rather live in Wapping, or in Petticoat-lane, and dine every day at the threepenny ordinary, where the knives and forks are chained to the table, and the ladder removed for fear the saturated guest should make his escape without paying his reckoning."

EPITAPH

ON A

YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave tho' no proud structure
grace,

Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place :

Yet blameless virtue that adorn'd thy bloom,

Lamented maid ! now weeps upon thy tomb :

Escap'd from death, O safe on that calm shore,

Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more !

What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,

Regard and pity wait sincere on thee !

Lo ! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,

And holy friendship sits a mourner here.

TEM-

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE in pleasure is essentially necessary to be observed, particularly by youth, that they may beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour.

Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain are they warned of the latent danger. The old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided, with having forget that they once were young. And yet, to what do the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may all be comprized in a few words,—Not to hurt ourselves, and not to hurt others, by our pursuit of pleasure, and those will be fully effected by temperance. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous.

Hence

Hence by this virtue we are not called to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we are exhorted to pursue it on an extensive plan; we have measures proposed for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration. As we consider ourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings;—not only as rational, but social;—not only as social, but immortal; whatever violates our nature in any of these respects, cannot afford true pleasure.

Have we not found that in the course of criminal excess, pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain? Have we not from every habit, at least, of unlawful gratification, found some thorn spring to wound us; some consequence to make us repent of it in the issue?

We should therefore avoid temptations, for which we have found ourselves unequal, with as much care as we should shun pestilential infection.

ANECDOTE
OF THE LATE
GUSTAVUS BRANDER, Esq.
OF
CHRISTCHURCH, IN HANTS.

THIS gentleman had a mind strongly tinctured with literary propensities, and a heart which was always most gratified in employing his great fortune in acts of beneficence.

A singular accident happened to him in the year 1768, which had so strong an effect upon his mind, that it influenced his character ever after with an ardent sense of piety, and a peculiar reliance upon the superintendence of Providence.

As his carriage was passing down Temple-lane, London, the horses suddenly took fright, and run with the most violent rapidity down three flights of steps into the Thames, and would have proceeded into the middle of it, if the wheels had not been so clogged by the mud that the horses could not drag them any further. The servant behind was so absorbed in terror, that he was unable

able to throw himself from the carriage ; but as soon as it stopped he jumped off, and procured some assistance from a neighbouring public-house, and who, after disengaging the horses, pulled the carriage on shore.

In consequence of the above circumstance, the present gateway at the Temple-stairs was erected to prevent any future accident of the same kind.

Mr. Brander, from a sense of this singular fatality, that marked his preservation, made the following bequest :—" Two guineas to the Vicar, ten shillings to the Clerk, and five to the Sexton of the parish of Christchurch, for a commemoration sermon on the third Sunday in August, as an everlasting memorial, and as expressive of my gratitude to the supreme Being for my signal preservation in the year 1768, when my horses ran violently down the Temple-lane, in London, and down three flights of steps into the Thames in a dark night ; and yet neither horses nor carriage, myself, or servants received the least injury ; it was fortunately at low water."

BON MOT
OF
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

I Remember, says the Doctor, to have given a *shilling* to a peasant in the Isle of Skey, for half a day's attendance on me, and he was so struck with the liberality of the reward, that he asked with some surprize, whether I *meant it all for him?*

This raising the laugh against Mr. Boswell, who was the only Scotchman in company,—the Doctor went on,—“ I mentioned this circumstance to shew the humility of the man's mind ; but had it happened to a peasant of your country, (turning round to an Irish gentleman who sat next him) the probability is, that he would not know *what a shilling was.*”

DEATH.

DEATH.

PREPARE to part with life willingly ; study more how to die than to live ; if you would live till you are old, live as if you were to die when you are young. In some cases it requires more courage to live than to die. He that is not prepared for death, shall be perpetually troubled, as well with vain apprehensions, as with real dangers ; but the important point is, to secure a well grounded hope of a blessed immortality.

When the good Musculus drew near his death, how sweet and pleasant was this meditation of his soul.

Cold death my heart invades, my life doth fly,
 O *Christ* my everlasting life, draw nigh,
 Why quiv'rest thou my soul, within my breast ?
 Thine Angel's come, to lead thee to thy rest.
 Quit chearfully this dropping house of clay,
 God will restore it in th' appointed day.
 Hast sinn'd ? I know it, let not that be urg'd,
 For *Christ* thy sins with his own blood hath purg'd.
 Is death affrighting ? True, but yet withal,
 Consider *Christ* thro' death to life doth call.

He

He triumph'd over Satan, sin, and death,
Therefore with joy resign thy dying breath.

Destiny has decreed all men to die ; but to die well is the particular privilege of the virtuous and good.

As there is no covenant to be made with death, so, no agreement for the arrest and stay of time : It keeps its pace, whether we redeem and use it well, or not.

He that hath given God his worship, and man his due, is entertained with comfortable presages, wears off smoothly, and expires in pleasure.

Death is no more than a turning us from time to eternity. It leads to immortality, and that is recompence enough for suffering it.

Death is the crown of life, was death denied
Poor man had liv'd in vain.

The way to bring ourselves with ease to a contempt of this world, is to think daily of leaving it. They who die well have lived long enough ; as soon as death enters upon the stage, the tragedy of life is done.

There

There are a great many miseries which nothing but death can give relief to. This puts an end to the sorrows of the afflicted and distressed. It sets prisoners at liberty ; it dries up the tears of the widows and the fatherless, it eases the complaints of the hungry and naked , it tames the proudest tyrants, and puts an end to all our labours: And the contemplation on it, supports men under their present adversities, especially when they have a prospect of a better life after this.

Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too ;
To live and die is all we have to do.

Have we so often seen ourselves die in our friends, and shall we shrink at our own change ? Hath our Maker sent for us, and we are loth to go ? It was for us our Saviour triumphed over death. Is there then any fear of a foiled adversary ?

The grave lies between us and the object we reach after. Where one lives to enjoy whatever he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

Many are the shapes of death,
And many are the ways that lead

To

To his grim cave, all dismal ! yet to the sense
More terrible at the entrance than within.

All our knowledge, our employments, our riches, and our honours, must end in death ; so that we must seek a sanctuary of happiness some where else.

When the scene of life is shut up, the slave will be above his master, if he has acted a better part ; thus nature and condition are once more brought to a balance.

How poor will power, wealth, honour, fame, and titles seem at our last hour ? and how joyful will that man be, who hath led an honest virtuous life, and travelled to heaven, through the roughest ways of poverty, affliction and contempt.

That life is long which answers life's great end.
One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heav'n,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.

The young may die shortly, but the aged cannot live long. Green fruit may be plucked off, or shaken down ; but the ripe will fall of itself.

Death

Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life—without it, were not worth our taking.

There is nothing in history, which is so improving to the reader, as those accounts which we meet with of the death of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season.

'Tis a great pity that men know not to what end they were born in this world, till they are ready to go out of it.

Life glides away, Lorenzo like a brook,
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.

Our lives are ever in the power of death.

I was wonderfully affected (says a worthy *Christian*), with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect.

The consideration (said the good man) that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago, to make a resolution, which I have diligently kept, and, to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that mortal man can enjoy. Every night before I address myself to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself, whether, if

God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from him. The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself, were so far from throwing me into despair of that mercy which is over all God's works, that it proved motives of greater circumspection in my future conduct. The oftner I exercised myself in meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety; and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking, is now become the sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not fullen; nay, they are so far from having soured my temper, that I have a mind perfectly composed, and a secret spring of joy in my heart;—I taste all the innocent satisfactions of life pure, as I have no share in pleasures that leave a sting behind them.

——Man but dives in death,
Dives from the sun in fairer day to rise;
The grave his subterranean road to bliss.

Death is only terrible to us as a change of state.—Let us then live so, as to make it only a continuation of it, by the uniform practice of charity, benevolence, and religion, which are to be the exercises of the next life.

Fond

Fond foolish man would fain these thoughts decline,

And lose them in his bus'ness, sports, and wine ;
 But *canst* thou lose them ? Se'st thou not each hour
 Age drop like Autumn leaves, youth like a flow'r
 Cut down ; do coffins, graves, and tolling bells
 Warn thee in vain ? In palaces and cells,
 The heights of life above, the vales beneath,
 In towns and fields, we ev'ry where meet death.

In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.

As the tree falls, so must it lie ; as death leaves
 us judgment will find us. If so, how importunate
 should every one of us be to secure the favour of
 the Almighty Judge, to be interested in the Redeemer's love, and among the number of his
 chosen people, before it is too late.

Be like a centinel, keep on your guard,
 All eye, all ear, all expectation of
 The coming foe.

In the death of others we may see our own mortality, and be taught to live more and more in the daily expectation of, and preparation for that awful hour, to which we are all hastening as fast as

the wings of time can carry us. Seek then an interest in the blessed Redeemer.

Our birth is nothing, but our death begun.
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.

Death is the end of fear, and beginning of felicity. Death is the law of nature, the tribute of the flesh, the remedy of evils, and the path either to heavenly felicity, or eternal misery.

Eternity, that boundless race,
Which time himself can never run—
(Swift as he flies, with an unwearied pace :)
Which when ten thousand thousand years are
done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

We always dream, the life of man's a dream,
In which fresh tumults agitate his breast ;
Till the kind hand of death unlocks the chain
Which clogs the noble and aspiring soul ;
And then we truly live.

ADAM's ADVICE TO EVE,

TO AVOID TEMPTATION.

O Woman! best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left
 Of all that he created, much less man,
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r :
 Against his will he can receive no harm.
 But God left free the will, for what obeys
 Reason is free, and reason he made right;
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,
 Left by some fair appearing good surpris'd
 She dictate false, and misinform the will
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
 Were better, and most likely if from me

Thou

Thou sever not ; trial will come unfought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy ? approve
 First thy obedience : th'other, who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest ?
 But if you think trial unfought may find
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
 Go ; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more ;
 Go in thy native innocence, rely
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
 For God tow'rds thee hath done his part, do thine.

L U X U R Y

VIEWED

IN A POLITICAL LIGHT.

TO consider luxury in a political view, no refinement of dress, of the table, of equipage, of habitation, is luxury in those, who can afford the expence, and the public gains by the encouragement that is given to arts, manufactures, and commerce. But a mode of living, above a man's annual income weakens the state, by reducing to poverty, not only the squanderers themselves, but many innocent and industrious persons connected with them.

Luxury

Luxury is, above all, pernicious in a commercial state. A person of moderation is satisfied with small profits. But the luxurious despise every branch of trade, that does not return great profits. Other branches are engrossed by foreigners, who are more frugal. The merchants of Amsterdam, and even of London, within a century, lived with more œconomy, than their clerks do at present. Their country houses and gardens make not the greatest article of their expence. At first, a merchant retires to his country house on Sundays only and holidays ; but beginning to relish indolent retirement, business grows irksome, he trusts all to his clerks, loses the thread of his affairs, and sees no longer with his own eyes.

In all times, luxury has been the ruin of every state where it prevailed. Nations originally are poor and virtuous. They advance to industry, commerce, and perhaps conquest and empire. But this state is never permanent. Great opulence opens a wide door to indolence, sensuality, corruption, prostitution, sedition.

In ancient Egypt, execution against the person of a debtor was prohibited. Such a law could not obtain but among a temperate people, where
bank-

bankruptcy happens by misfortune, and seldom by luxury or extravagance.

In Switzerland, not only a bankrupt, but even his sons are excluded from public office, till all the family debts be paid.

ANECDOTE

OF

VOLTAIRE.

IT is well known, that, while Voltaire was in England, the darling subject of his conversation was Milton; whom he once took occasion to abuse, for his episode on Death and Sin.—Whereupon a certain wit turned the laugh against him, by the following smart impromptu :

“ Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
 “ Thou’rt Milton’s devil, with his Death and Sin.”

We are not told who this certain wit was; but if we recollect aright, it was the celebrated Dr. Young; a writer, at that time, as well as since, of very different disposition and principles from Voltaire.

RE-

REMARKABLE
ANECDOTES

RELATING TO A

FRENCH AUTHOR AND HIS FAMILY.

BOISSI, the author of several approved dramatic pieces, and especially of one, which was deservedly esteemed, called *Francois à Londres*, (The Frenchman in London)—found himself not exempt from the usual fate of those who cultivate the Muses. Even that spot, said to be the least barren one of Parnassus, the theatre, produced him little more than a scanty maintenance for himself, his wife, and one child. In short, misfortune, want of œconomy, perhaps, or whatever else might be the cause, I cannot well say, but he was reduced to the most deplorable extremities of want.

In this condition, sinking under the indignities of his fate, he had, however, too much of that spirit which characterizes genius, to debase himself by mean applications, or mendicant letters. He had friends, whose kindness his need of them had not exhausted, and whom, for that very reason,

O

he

he was the more averse from troubling. But his friends were the more inexcusable, if they knew his distress, not to save him from the pain of an application. However, Boissi, overcome with the irksomeness of his circumstances, embraced a resolution of taking the shortest way out of the world, that of death, and in the light in which he considered it as a friendly relief from his farther misery, he not only persuaded his wife to keep him company, but not to leave behind them a boy, a child of five years, to the mercy of the world, in which they had found so little happiness. Probably the example of Richard Smith, in much the same situation, might have its share in the fatal determination.

This resolution now formed of dying together, there remained nothing but to fix the manner of it. The most torturous one was chosen, that of hunger, not only as the most natural consequence of their condition, of which it might pass for the involuntary effect, but as it saved a violence which neither Boissi nor his wife could find in their hearts to use to one another.

In that solitude then of their apartment, in which the unfortunate need so little apprehend their being disturbed, they resolved to wait with
unshaken

unshaken constancy, the arrival of their deliverer, though under the meagre grim form of famine.

They began, then, and resolutely, proceeded on their plan of starving themselves to death, with their child.—If any called, by chance, at their apartment, finding it locked, and no answer given, it was only concluded that nobody was at home. Thus they had all the time they could wish to consummate their intention. But what can deceive or damp a true friend? They had one, it seems, of a fortune not much superior to their own, and whom, for that reason, and for the dread of being an inconvenience to him, they had never acquainted with the extremities to which they were actually driven.

This friend had been one of those who had called at their apartment, and finding it shut up, naturally concluded as others did,—that Boissi and his family were gone out, or, perhaps, removed.

Upon reflection, however, or from that kind of instinct, with which the spirit of friendship abounds, he began to apprehend that something must be amiss with his friend, (though he could not guess what), that he could neither find him at

home, nor gain any intelligence about him. Under this anxiety, he returned to Boiffi's apartment, and whether any motion or noise from within betrayed his being at home, or whether his friend began to suspect something of this matter, no answer being returned, he forced open the door.

Boiffi and his wife had been so much in earnest, that it was now three days since they had taken any sustenance, insomuch that they were now got so far on their way to their intended home, that one may say they touched the gates of it.

The friend, upon his entrance into the room where this scene of death was going forward, found them already in such a situation, that they seemed insensible of his intrusion.—Boiffi and his wife had no eyes but for one another, and were not sitting, but supported from falling by two chairs, set opposite to each other, their hands locked fast together, and with their ghastly looks languidly dejected, in which might be read a kind of rueful compassion for the child that hung at her mother's knee, and seemed as if looking up to her for nourishment, in its natural tenaciousness of life. This group of wretchedness did not less shock than afflict the friend.

Soon

Soon collecting from circumstances the meaning of all this, his first care was, not to expostulate with Boissi or his wife, but to engage them to receive his succours, in which he met with no small difficulty. Their resolution had been taken in earnest ; they were now got over the worst, and were in view of their port ; the faintness which had succeeded the most intolerable tortures of hunger, had deadened their sense to them and to life. They might, besides, conceive a false shame of not going through with what they had thus resolved ; a kind of slur being too often imagined to attend a suicide, begun and not finished, as if supposed a failure of firmness. The friend, however, took the right way to reconcile them to life, by making the child join his intercession : the child, who could have none of the prejudices or reasons they might have for not retracting ; and who, though he had a little life left, had still enough not to be out of love with it.

The instinct of self-preservation operating with its usual efficacy, he held up his innocent hands, and, in concert with the friend, entreated his parents to consent to all their relief. Nature did not plead in vain. The friend then proceeded to procure them, helpless and unattended as they were, immediate food, with proper precautions
and

and cordials ; nor did he leave them till he had seen them in a way of recovery to life, and given them all the money he had about him.

This story immediately took air ; it reached the ears of Madame Pompadour, who instantly took him under her protection, sent present relief, and procured him the place of Comptroller of the *MERCURE DE FRANCE*, a place of no inconsiderable income.

LABOUR NECESSARY TO EXCELLENCE.

NATURAL historians assert, that whatever is formed for long duration arrives slowly to its maturity. Thus the firmest timber is of tardy growth, and animals generally exceed each other in longevity, in proportion to the time between their conception and their birth.

The same observation may be extended to the offspring of the mind. Hasty compositions, however they please at first, by flowery luxuriance, and spread in the sunshine of temporary favour, can seldom endure the change of seasons, but
perish

perish at the first blast of criticism, or frost of neglect.

When APOLLES was reproached with the paucity of his productions, and the incessant attention with which he retouched his pieces, he condescended to make no other answer, than that *he painted for perpetuity.*

No vanity can more justly incur contempt and indignation than that which boasts of negligence and hurry. For who can bear with patience the writer who claims such superiority to the rest of his species, as to imagine that mankind are at leisure for attention to his extemporary fallies, and that posterity will reposit his casual effusions among the treasures of ancient wisdom?

Men have sometimes appeared of such transcendent abilities, that their slightest and most cursory performances excel all that labour and study can enable meaner intellects to compose; as there are regions of which the spontaneous products cannot be equalled in other soils by care and culture. But it is no less dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of understanding, and fancy that he is born to be illustrious without labour,

labour, than to omit the cares of husbandry, and expect from his ground the blossoms of *Arabia*.

The greatest part of those who congratulate themselves upon their intellectual dignity, and usurp the privileges of genius, are men whom only themselves would ever have marked out as enriched by uncommon liberalities of nature, or entitled to veneration and immortality on easy terms.

This ardour of confidence is usually found among those who, having not enlarged their notions by books or conversation, are persuaded, by the partiality which we all feel in our own favour, that they have reached the summit of excellence, because they discover none higher than themselves; and who acquiesce in the first thoughts that occur, because their scantiness of knowledge allows them little choice, and the narrowness of their views affords them no glimpse of perfection, of that sublime idea which human industry has from the first ages been vainly toiling to approach. They see a little, and believe that there is nothing beyond their sphere of vision, as the *PATUECOS* of *SPAIN*, who inhabited a small valley, conceived the surrounding mountains to be the boundaries of the world.

In

In proportion as perfection is more distinctly conceived, the pleasure of contemplating our own performances will be lessened ; it may therefore be observed, that they who most deserve praise, are often afraid to decide in favour of their own performances ; they know how much is still wanting to their completion, and wait with anxiety and terror, the determination of the public.—*I please every one else, says Tully, but never satisfy myself.*

It has often been enquired, why, notwithstanding the advances of latter ages in science, and the assistance which the infusion of so many new ideas has given us, we still fall below the ancients in the art of composition.

Some part of their superiority may be justly ascribed to the graces of their language, from which the most polished of the present EUROPEAN tongues are nothing more than barbarous degenerations. Some advantage they might gain merely by priority, which put them in possession of the most natural sentiments, and left us nothing but servile repetition or forced conceits. But the greater part of their praise seems to have been the just reward of modesty and labour. Their sense of human weakness confined them com-

P

monly

monly to one study, which their knowledge of the extent of every science engaged them to prosecute with indefatigable diligence.

Among the writers of antiquity I remember none except *Statius* who ventures to mention the speedy productions of his writings, either as an extenuation of his faults, or a proof of his facility. Nor did *Statius*, when he considered as a candidate for lasting reputation, think a closer attention unnecessary, but amidst all his pride and indigence, the two great hasteners of modern poems, employed twelve years upon the *Thebaid*, and thinks his claims to renown proportionate to his labour.

*Thebais, multa cruciata lima,
Tentat, audaci fide, Mantuanæ
Gaudia fama.*

Polish'd with endless toil, my lays
At length aspire to *Mantuan* praise.

Ovid indeed apologizes in his banishment for the imperfection of his letters, but mentions his want of leisure to polish them as an addition to his calamities; and was so far from imagining revisals and corrections unnecessary, that at his departure from *Rome* he threw his *Metamorphoses* into

into the fire, lest he should be disgraced by a book which he could not hope to finish.

It seems not often to have happened that the same writer aspired to reputation in verse and prose; and of those few that attempted such a diversity of excellence, I know not that even one succeeded. Contrary characters they never imagined a single mind able to support, and therefore no man is recorded to have undertaken more than one kind of dramatick poetry.

What they had written they did not venture in their first fondness to thrust into the world, but considering the impropriety of sending forth inconsiderately that which cannot be recalled, deferred the publication, if not nine years, according to the direction of *Horace*, yet till their fancy was cooled after the raptures of invention, and the glare of novelty had ceased to dazzle the judgment.

There were in those days no weekly or diurnal writers; *multa dies*, & *multa litura*, much time, and many rasures, were considered as indispensable requisites; and that no other method of attaining lasting praise has been yet discovered, may be conjectured from the blotted manuscripts

of *Milton* now remaining, and from the tardy emission of *Pope's* compositions, delayed more than once till the incidents to which they alluded were forgotten, till his enemies were secure from his satire, and, what to an honest mind must be more painful, his friends were deaf to his encomiums.

To him, whose eagerness of praise hurries his productions soon into the light, many imperfections are unavoidable, even where the mind furnishes the materials, as well as regulates their dispositions, and nothing depends upon search or informations. Delay opens new veins of thought ; the subject dismissed for a time, appears with a new train of dependant images ; the accidents of reading or conversation supply new ornaments or allusions, or mere intermission of the fatigue of thinking, enables the mind to collect new force, and make new excursions.

But all those benefits come too late for him, who, when he was weary with labour, snatched at the recompence, and gave his work to his friends and his enemies, as soon as impatience and pride persuaded him to conclude it.

One of the most pernicious effects of haste is obscurity. He that teems with a quick succession of ideas, and perceives how one sentiment produces another, easily believes that he can clearly express what he so strongly comprehends; he seldom suspects his thoughts of embarrassment, while he preserves in his own memory the series of connection, or his diction of ambiguity, while only one sense is present to his mind. Yet if he has been employed on an abstruse or complicated argument, he will find, when he has awhile withdrawn his mind, and returns as a new reader to his work, that he has only a conjectural glimpse of his own meaning, and that to explain it to those whom he desires to instruct, he must open his sentiments, disentangle his method, and alter his arrangement.

Authors and lovers always suffer some infatuation, from which only absence can set them free; and every man ought to restore himself to the full exercise of his judgment, before he does that which he cannot do improperly, without injuring his honour and his quiet.

AN

EVENING REFLECTION.

WHILE night, in solemn shade, invests the
pole,

And calm reflection sooths the pensive soul ;
While reason, undisturb'd, asserts her sway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away—
To thee, all conscious presence ! I devote
This peaceful interval of sober thought.
Here all my better faculties confine,
And be this hour of sacred silence thine.
If by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from virtue's paths has stray'd,
Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd ;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford ?
Its utmost boast, a vain, unmeaning word.

But, ah ! how oft my lawless passions rove,
And break those awful precepts I approve !
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore !
Oft when thy better spirit's guardian care,
Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
My stubborn will his gentle aid repress,
And check'd the rising goodness in my breast ;

Mad

Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
 Still'd his soft voice, and quenched his sacred fires.
 With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
 Should'st thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
 But, oh! thy softer titles let me claim,
 And plead my cause by mercy's gentle name—
 Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
 And dissipates the horrors of despair;
 From rig'rous justice steals the vengeful hour,
 Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
 Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
 And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.
 All-pow'rful grace, exert thy gentle sway,
 And teach my rebel passions to obey,
 Lest lurking folly, with insidious art,
 Regain my volatile, inconstant heart.
 Shall ev'ry high resolve devotion frames,
 Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
 Oh! rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
 In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
 Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
 And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb:
 Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
 'Till the last morn its orient beam disclose;
 Then when the great archangel's potent sound
 Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
 Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey
 The op'ning splendors of eternal day.

ANECDOTE OF
 FREDERICK III.
 KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE King one day found a Dutch merchant at Sans-Souci. He politely accosted him, and asked if he wished to see the gardens. The merchant, who did not know his Majesty, answered, he did not think that would be permitted while the King was there.

“ Give yourself no concern about that,” answered Frederick, “ I will show it to you myself.” He then led the merchant to the most beautiful spots in the garden, and desired his opinion concerning a variety of things. When he had shown him every thing that was remarkable, the merchant took out his purse, and would have given some money to his guide.

“ No,” said the King, “ we are not allowed to take any thing : we should lose our places if we did.”

The

The merchant thanked him very politely, and took his leave, persuaded it was the inspector of the gardens. He had scarce proceeded a few steps, when he met the gardiner, who said to him roughly, "What do you do here? The King is yonder."

The Dutchman told him what had happened, and praised very much the politeness of the gentleman that had shown him the garden.

"An do you know who that is?" said the gardiner: "It is the King himself."

The astonishment of the Dutchman may be easily conceived.

ANECDOTE

OF A

Q U A K E R.

A Quaker coming to town with his team, was laid hold of, and took before a Justice for riding upon the shafts of his cart, and was fined forty shillings.

Q

The

The Quaker, without hesitation, threw down two guineas; when the Justice told him, he must have two shillings change. Ay, says the Quaker, but thou hast been at so much trouble, thee mayest keep the two shillings to thyself; *only thee write it down on a bit of paper for my satisfaction*; which the Justice accordingly did, and gave a receipt for two guineas, but not upon stamped paper.

The Quaker immediately goes to a neighbouring Justice, shews him the receipt, tells him he had just taken it, and asked if it was according to law?

No, said the Justice, it should have been upon stamped paper.

The Justice was brought before him; and fined in the penalty of five pounds, to the no small mortification of the Justice, and the great laughter of the company present.

COM-

COMPASSION.

PITY is, to many of the unhappy, a source of comfort in hopeful distress, as it contributes to recommend them to themselves, by proving that they have not lost the regard of others; and heaven seems to indicate the duty even of barren compassion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under by mutual offices of Compassion, Benevolence, and Humanity.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
 No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
 Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
 Nor vernal suns that gild the rising morn,
 Shine with such lustre, as the tear that breaks,
 For other's woes, down virtue's manly cheeks.

AN
 ANECDOTE
 OF
 HEIDEGGER.

THE following particulars are related of a singular character, one Heidegger, a native of Zurich, Master of the Revels, and Chief Manager of the Opera-House, in the late King's reign.

As to his person, though he was tall and well made, it was uncommonly disagreeable, owing to an ugly face, scarcely human. He was the first to joke upon his own ugliness; and he once laid a wager with Lord Chesterfield, that within a certain given time, his Lordship would not be able to produce so hideous a face in all London. The time elapsed; Heidegger won the wager.

Our readers will not be surprized to hear that the King condescended to request him to sit for his picture; but in vain, though the Nobility, who were most intimate with him, and all his best patrons, urged the indecency of the refusal.

This

This obstinacy gave rise to a very laughable adventure :

The late facetious Duke of Montagu (the memorable author of the bottle-conjuror at the theatre in the Hay-market) gave an entertainment at the Devil-Tavern, Temple-Bar, to several of the Nobility and Gentry, selecting the most convivial, and a few hard-drinkers, who were all in the plot. Heidegger was invited, and, in a few hours was made so dead drunk, that he was carried out of the room, and laid insensible upon a bed. A profound sleep ensued ; when the late Mrs. Salmon's daughter was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaister of Paris. From this a mask was made ; and a few days before the next masquerade (at which the King promised to be present, with the Countess of Yarmouth), the Duke made application to Heidegger's *Valet-de-Chambre*, to know what suit of clothes he was likely to wear ; and then procuring a similar dress, and a person of the same stature, he gave him his instructions.

On the evening of the masquerade, as soon as his Majesty was seated (who was always known by the conductor of the entertainment, and the officers of the Court, though concealed by his
dress

dress from the company), Heidegger, as usual, ordered the music to play *God save the King*; but his back was no sooner turned than the false Heidegger ordered them to strike up *Charley over the Water*. The whole company were instantly thunderstruck; and all the Courtiers, not in the plot, were thrown into a stupid consternation.

Heidegger flew to the music-gallery, swore, stamped, and raved, accused the Musicians of drunkenness, or of being set on by some secret enemy to ruin him. The King and the Countess laughed so immoderately, that they hazarded a discovery.

While Heidegger staid in the gallery, *God save the King* was the tune; but when, after setting matters to-rights, he retired to one of the dancing rooms, to observe if decorum was kept by the company, the Counterfeit stepping forward, and placing himself upon the floor of the theatre, just in front of the music gallery, called out in a most audible voice, imitating Heidegger, damned them for blockheads,—had he not just told them to play *Charley over the Water*?—A pause ensued: the Musicians, who knew his character, in their turn thought him either drunk or mad; but, as he continued his vociferation, *Charley* was played again.

again. At this repetition of the supposed affront, some of the officers of the guards, who always attended upon these occasions ; were for ascending the gallery, and kicking the Musicians out ; but the late Duke of Cumberland, who could hardly contain himself, interposed.

The company were thrown into great confusion. " Shame ! Shame !" resounded from all parts, and Heidegger once more flew in a violent rage to that part of the theatre facing the gallery.—Here the Duke of Montagu, artfully addressing himself to him, told him the King was in a violent passion ; that his best way was to go instantly and make an apology, for certainly the Music was mad, and afterwards to discharge them.

Almost at the same instant, he ordered the false Heidegger to do the same. The scene now became truly comic in the circle before the King. Heidegger had no sooner made a genteel apology for the insolence of the Musicians, but the false Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive tone, cried out, " Indeed, Sire, it was not my fault, but that devil's in my likeness." Poor Heidegger turned round, stared, staggered, grew pale, and could not utter a word.—The Duke then humanely

manely whispered in his ear some of the plot, and the Counterfeit was ordered to take off his mask.

Here ended the frolick ; but Heidegger swore he would never attend any public amusement if that witch, the wax-work woman, did not break the mould, and melt down the mask before his face.

To this occurrence, the following imperfect stanzas, transcribed from the hand-writing of Pope, are supposed to relate. They were found on the back of a page, containing some part of his translation, either of the Iliad or Odyssey, in the British Museum.

Then he went to the side-board, and call'd for
much liquor,

And glass after glass he drank quicker and
quicker ;

So that Heidegger quoth,

Nay, faith on his oath,

Of two hogsheds of Burgundy, Satan drank both.

Then all like a ——— the Devil appear'd,
And strait the whole table of dishes he clear'd :

Then a friar, then a nun,

And then he put on

A face all the company took for his own.

SPRING.

S P R I N G.

AN ODE.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long continued strife ;
And nature, on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleasure, with her laughing train ;
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic tyranny * consigns ;
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture sings, and beauty shines.

Yet tho' my limbs decease invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

* The author being ill of the gout.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
 Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
 Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue,
 A guide—a father—and a friend :
 Once more great nature's works renew,
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,
 Cool meditation's quiet seat ;
 The gen'rous scorn of venal pow'r,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
 Or raging faction rush to war,
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes
 I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright wisdom teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

A VIR-

A VIRTUOUS OLD AGE

ALWAYS REVERENCED.

I HAVE always thought it the business of those who turn their speculations upon the living world, to commend the virtues as well as to expose the faults of their contemporaries, and to confute a false as well as to support a just accusation ; not only because it is peculiarly the business of a monitor to keep his own reputation untainted, lest those who can once charge him with partiality, should indulge themselves afterwards in disbelieving him at pleasure ; but because he may find real crimes sufficient to give full employment to caution or repentance, without distracting the mind by needless scruples and vain solitudes.

There are certain fixed and stated reproaches that one part of mankind has in all ages thrown upon another, which are regularly transmitted through continued successions, and which he that has once suffered them is certain to use with the same undistinguished vehemence, when he has changed his station, and gained the prescriptive right of inflicting on others, what he had formerly endured himself.

To these hereditary imputations, of which no man sees the justice, till it becomes his interest to see it, very little regard is to be shewn ; since it does not appear that they are produced by ratiocination or enquiry, but received implicitly, or caught by a kind of instantaneous contagion, and supported rather by willingness to credit than ability to prove them.

It has been always the practice of those who are desirous to believe themselves made venerable by length of time, to censure the new comers into life, for want of respect to grey hairs and sage experience ; for heady confidence in their own understandings, for hasty conclusions upon partial views, for disregard of counsels, which their fathers and grandfathers are ready to afford them, and a rebellious impatience of that subordination to which youth is condemned by nature, as necessary to its security from evils into which it would be otherwise precipitated, by the rashness of passion, and the blindness of ignorance.

Every old man complains of the growing depravity of the world, of the petulance and insolence of the rising generation. He recounts the decency and regularity of former times, and celebrates the discipline and sobriety of the age in
which

which his youth was passed ; a happy age which is now now more to be expected, since confusion has broken in upon the world, and thrown down all the boundaries of civility and reverence.

It is not sufficiently considered how much he assumes who dares to claim the privilege of complaining ; for as every man has, in his own opinion, a full share of the miseries of life, he is inclined to consider all clamorous uneasiness as a proof of impatience rather than of affliction, and to ask, What merit has this man to show, by which he has acquired a right to repine at the distributions of nature ? Or, why does he imagine that exemptions should be granted him from the general condition of man ? We find ourselves excited rather to captiousness than pity ; and instead of being in haste to soothe his complaints by sympathy and tenderness, we enquire, whether the pain be proportionate to the lamentation, and whether, supposing the affliction real, it is not the effect of vice and folly rather than calamity.

The querulousness and indignation which is observed so often to disfigure the last scene of life, naturally leads us to enquiries like these. For surely it will be thought at the first view of things, that if age be thus contemned and ridiculed, in-
sulted

sulted and neglected, the crime must at least be equal on either part. They who have had opportunities of establishing their authority over minds ductile and unresisting, they who have been the protectors of helplessness and the instructors of ignorance, and who yet retain in their own hands the power of wealth and the dignity of command, must defeat their influence by their own misconduct, and make use of all these advantages with very little skill, if they cannot secure to themselves an appearance of respect, and ward off open mockery and declared contempt.

The general story of mankind will evince, that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. Gross corruption, or evident imbecility, is necessary to the suppression of that reverence with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, on those whom they see surrounded by splendour and fortified by power. For though men are drawn by their passions into forgetfulness of invisible rewards and punishments, yet they are easily kept obedient to those who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is dissipated by such wickedness and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed.

It may, therefore, very reasonably be suspected that the old draw upon themselves the greatest part of those insults, which they so much lament, and that age is rarely despised but when it is contemptible. If men imagine that excess of debauchery can be made reverend by time, that knowledge is the consequence of long life, however idly and thoughtlessly employed, that priority of birth will supply the want of steadiness or honesty, can it raise much wonder that their hopes are disappointed, and that they see their posterity rather willing to trust their own eyes in the progress into life, than enlist themselves under guides who have lost their way ?

There are, indeed, many truths which time necessarily and certainly teaches, and which might, by those who have learned them from experience, be communicated to their successors at a cheaper rate : but dictates, though liberally enough bestowed, are generally without effect ; the teacher gains few proselytes by instruction which his own behaviour contradicts ; and young men miss the benefit of counsel, because they are not very ready to believe that those who fall below them in practice, can much excel them in theory. Thus the progress of knowledge is retarded, the world is kept long in the same state, and every new race
is

is to gain the prudence of their predecessors by committing and redressing the same miscarriages.

To secure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might so much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is absolutely necessary that they give themselves up to the duties of declining years ; and contentedly resign to youth its levity, its pleasures, its frolicks, and its fopperies. It is a hopeless endeavour to unite the contrarieties of spring and winter ; it is unjust to claim the privileges of age, and retain the playthings of childhood. The young always form magnificent ideas of the wisdom and gravity of men, whom they consider as placed at a distance from them in the ranks of existence, and naturally look on those whom they find trifling with long beards, with contempt and indignation, like that which women feel at the effeminacy of men. If dotards will contend with boys in those performances in which boys must always excel them ; if they will dress crippled limbs in embroidery, endeavour at gaiety with faltering voices, and darken assemblies of pleasure with the ghastliness of disease, they may well expect those who find their diversions obstructed will hoot them away ; and that if they descend

to competition with youth, they must bear the insolence of successful rivals.

*Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti :
Tempus abire tibi est.*

You've had your share of mirth, of meat and drink,
'Tis time to quit the scene—'tis time to think.

Another vice of age, by which the rising generation may be alienated from it, its severity and censoriousness, that gives no allowance to the failings of early life, that expects artfulness from childhood and constancy from youth, that is peremptory in every command, and inexorable to every failure. There are many who live merely to hinder happiness, and whose descendants can only tell of long life, that it produces suspicion, malignity, peevishness, and persecution: and yet even these tyrants can talk of the ingratitude of the age, curse their heirs for impatience, and wonder that young men cannot take pleasure in their father's company.

He that would pass the latter part of life with honour and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old; and remem-

ber when he is old, that he has once been young.
 In youth he must lay up knowledge for his support,
 when his powers of acting shall forsake him;
 and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour
 on faults which experience only can correct.

ELEGY TO PITY.

HAIL, lovely Pow'r! whose bosom heaves the sigh,

When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
 Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
 When rigid Fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
 From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare,
 Not dew drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
 Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
 Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
 No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
 Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come,

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And nature droops beneath the conqu'ring
gleam,
Let us, slow wand'ring where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share,
And justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;
To misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay;
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

RECTITUDE.

THE consciousness of rectitude is so delighting to the mind, that if experience did not convince us of the contrary, we must suppose the perpetration of evil to be impossible.

The anxiety and fears which continually torment the guilty mind, prove, that virtue is its own reward, so is vice its own punishment.

Ask the honest man from whence proceeds his tranquillity, and he will answer, " I am free from the rankling reflections that arise from the perpetration of bad actions."

Pursue the libertine through the guilty incidents of his life, and you will find that pain is the constant attendant on his pleasures.

Visit him in the gayest scene of dissipation, and you will perceive that he is not happy.

Sensual pleasures are like the rose; they please the sense, but a thorn lies beneath; and the thorn remains after the flower has lost its sense and shed its leaves.

GRATITUDE AND PIETY.

ARTABANES was distinguished with peculiar favour by a wife, powerful, and good Prince. A magnificent palace, surrounded with a delightful garden, was provided for his residence. He partook of all the luxuries of his Sovereign's table, was invested with extensive authority, and admitted to the honour of a free intercourse with his gracious master. But Artabanès was insensible of the advantages which he enjoyed ; his heart glowed not with gratitude and respect ; he avoided the society of his benefactor, and abused his bounty. I detest such a character, said Alexis, with generous indignation !—It is your own picture which I have drawn, replied Euphronius. The great Potentate of heaven and earth has placed you in a world which displays the highest beauty, order, and magnificence ; and which abounds with every means of convenience, enjoyment, and happiness. He has furnished you with such powers of body and mind as give you dominion over the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field : and he has invited you to hold communion with him, and to exalt your own nature by the love and imitation
of

of his divine perfections: yet have your eyes wandered with brutal gaze over the fair creation, unconscious of the mighty hand from which it sprung. You have rioted in the profusion of nature, without one secret emotion of gratitude to the Sovereign Dispenser of all good; and you have slighted the glorious converse, and forgotten the presence of that Omnipotent Being, who fills all space, and exists through all eternity.

A REMARKABLE

CANADIAN ANECDOTE.

SOON after the foundation of the hospital at Quebec, the war breaking out again between the Five Nations, or the Iroquois, and the Hurons, or French Indians, an Iroquois of some distinction was, in one of the skirmishes which ensued, taken prisoner, and by the Council of the Elders destined to replace the nephew of an Huron chief, who had been slain in the engagement.

The prisoner was dressed in a new robe of castor, adorned with a curious necklace, and on his temples he wore a circlet, in form of a diadem: but before it was determined that his life should
be

be saved, he had been, according to custom, tortured. One hand had been crushed between two stones, and one finger torn off: they had likewise chopped off two fingers of the other hand; the joints of his arms were burned to the bone, and in one of them there was a dreadful gash, or incision. This cruel treatment he had received in the march; for as soon as he entered the first village of the Hurons, he was treated with great ceremony and magnificence, entertained by every hut, and even complimented with a young woman to live with him as his wife. It was in one of these habitations that he was seen by father Brebent, the missionary, who converted, and baptized him by the name of Joseph. His sores he endeavoured to cleanse, but by this time they were covered with worms, that burrowed in the flesh, and could not be removed.

As he proceeded from one Indian town to another, the feasting continued all day long, and the prisoner sung incessantly until his voice was quite gone: he had no intermission but when the father discoursed with him about the salvation of his soul. At length they arrived at the village, where the chief resided, who had the choice either of retaining him as his nephew, or of sentencing him to the torture. Before this sovereign judge
of

of his fate Joseph appeared altogether unconcerned.

The old man having surveyed him a few minutes, said, "Nephew, thou canst not imagine the joy that filled my heart when I first understood that thou was to be mine. I thought that he whom I have lost was risen again, and resolved thou shouldst fill his place. I had already prepared a mat for thee in my own cabin, and it was a great pleasure to think I was going to spend the remainder of my days with thee in peace: but the sad condition which I see thee in, obliges me to change my resolution. It is very evident that with those pains and inconveniencies, thy life must be a burthen to thee, and therefore thou wilt think I do thee a favour in abridging it. It is not I, but those who have maimed thee in this manner, that have occasioned thy death. Have courage then, nephew, prepare thyself for this evening: shew thou art a man; and suffer not thyself to shrink under the fear of torments."

To this address the prisoner listened with equal attention and unconcern, and replied with a resolute tone—" 'Tis well." Then the sister of the youth who had been killed, served him with food, expressing all the marks of the most tender affection.

fection. The old man himself caressed him, as if he had been really his own nephew. He put his own pipe into his mouth, and seeing him covered with dust and sweat, wiped it off carefully with his own hand. About noon the prisoner made his farewell feast, at the expence of his uncle ; and all the people of the village being assembled around him—" Brethren," said he, " I am going to die—divert yourselves boldly about me—remember I am a man, and be persuaded that I fear neither death, nor all the pains you can inflict."

Having made this declaration, he sung a song, in which he was joined by several warriors ; and afterwards he was presented with food. This repast being ended, Joseph was carried to the place of execution, a cabin belonging to one of the chiefs, distinguished by the appellation of the *bloody cabin*. The fires were lighted, the people assembled to see, and the young men prepared to act this tragedy. The prisoner's hands being bound, he danced round the cabin, singing his death song : then sitting down upon a mat, one of the warriors took off his castor robe, and producing him naked to the assembly, declared that such a chief should have the robe ; and that the inhabitants of such a village should cut off the

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head,

head, and give it with an arm to another, who should make an entertainment of them. This disposition being made, they began to exercise the most excruciating tortures on this poor wretch, who bore them without flinching, or even undergoing a change of countenance.

He calmly exhorted them to persevere, sung his death song, talked of the political affairs of his own nation, and discoursed with the missionaries, as if he had been really void of sensation. They protracted the torments till sun-rise; then fell upon him like half-famished hounds: one hand and one foot being cut off, they at last put a period to his sufferings, by striking his head off with a hatchet.

THE CAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;
 Yet round the world the blade has been
 To see whatever could be seen.

Returning

Returning from his finish'd tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before ;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop,
 " Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 " I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wild they past,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talk of this, and then of that,
 Discours'd awhile 'mongst other matter,
 Of the cameleon's form and nature.
 " A stranger animal," cries one,
 " Sure never liv'd beneath the sun :
 " A lizard's body, lean and long,
 " A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 " Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd ;
 " And what a length of tail behind !
 " How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
 " Who ever saw so fine a blue ?"
 " Hold there," the other quick replies,
 " 'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
 " As late with open mouth it lay,
 " And warm'd it in the sunny ray ;
 " Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
 " And saw it eat the air for food,"

" I've

" I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
 " And must again affirm it blue.
 " At leisure I the beast survey'd
 " Extended in the cooling shade."
 " 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye—"
 " Green !" cries the other in a fury—
 " Why, Sir—d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
 " 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
 " For, if they always serve you thus,
 " You'll find them but of little use."
 So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows;
 When luckily came by a third—
 To him the question they referr'd,
 And beg he'd tell 'em if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue?
 " Sirs," cries the umpire, " cease your pother—
 " The creature's neither one nor t'other.
 " I caught the animal last night,
 " And view'd it o'er by candle light:
 " I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
 " You stare—but Sirs, I've got it yet,
 " And can produce it."—" Pray, Sir, do:
 " I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
 " And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
 " The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
 " Well then, at once to ease your doubt:"
 Replies the man, " I'll turn him out;
 " And

“ And when before your eyes I’ve set him,
 “ If you don’t find him black, I’ll eat him :”
 He said : then full before their fight
 Produc’d the beast ; and lo ! ’twas white.

LOVE OF JUSTICE.

A SENSE of justice should be the foundation of all our social qualities. In our most early intercourse with the world, and even in our most useful amusements, no unfairness should be found. That sacred rule of doing all things to others, according as we wish they would do unto us, should be engraved on our minds. For this end, we should impress ourselves with a deep sense of the original, and natural equality of men.

Whatever advantages of birth or fortune we possess, we ought never to display them with an ostentatious superiority. We should leave the subordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. In youth it becomes us to act among our companions as man with man. We should remember how unknown to us are the vicissitudes of the world ; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years.

A THOUGHT

A THOUGHT ON WAKING.

SLEEP by night, and cares by day,
 Bear my fleeting life away:
 Lo ! in yonder eastern skies,
 Sol appears, and bids me rise :
 Tells me, " life is on the wing,
 And has no returning spring :
 Death comes on with steady pace,
 And life's the only day of grace."
 Shining preacher ! happy morning !
 Let me take th' important warning ;
 Rouse then all my active pow'rs,
 Well improve the coming hours ;
 Let no trifles kill the day,
 (Trifles oft our heart betray.)
 Virtue, Science, Knowledge, Truth,
 Guide th' enquiries of my youth.
 Wisdom, and Experience sage,
 Then shall soothe the cares of age ;
 Those with time shall never die ;
 Those will lead to joys on high ;
 Those the path of life display,
 Shining with celestial day ;
 Blissful path ! with safety trod,
 As it leads the soul to God.

A NECDOTE

OF THE LATE

KING OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERICK, whose chief pleasure was in the proficiency of his troops in military discipline, whenever a new soldier made his first appearance in the guards, asked him three questions: The first was, How old are you? The second was, How long have you been in my service? (as the guards were recruited out of the flower of the marching regiments); and the third was, If he received his pay and his cloathing as he wished?—A young Frenchman, who had been well disciplined, offered himself to enter the guards, where he was immediately accepted, in consequence of his experience in military tactics. The young recruit did not understand the Prussian language; so that his Captain informed him, that when the King saw him first on the parade, he would make the usual enquiries of him in the Prussian language, therefore he must learn to make the suitable answers, in the form of which he was instructed. As soon as the King beheld a new face in the ranks, taking a lusty pinch of snuff, he went up to him; and, unluckily

unluckily for the soldier, he put the second question first, and asked him how long he had been in his service? The soldier answered as he was instructed, Twenty-one years, an please your Majesty. The King was struck at his figure, which did not announce his age to be more than the time he answered he had been in his service. How old are you? says the King in a surprize. One year, an please your Majesty. The King still more surprized said, Either, you or I must be a fool. The soldier taking this for the third question, relative to his pay and cloathing, says, *Both*, an please your Majesty. This is the first time, says Frederick, still more surprized, that I have been called a fool at the head of my own guards. The soldier's stock of instruction was now exhausted, and when the Monarch still pursued the design of unravelling the mystery, the soldier informed him that he could speak no more German; but that he would answer in his native tongue. Here Frederick perceived the nature of the man's situation, at which he laughed very heartily, and advised the young man to apply himself to learning the language of Prussia, and mind his duty.

A SOLILOQUY

WRITTEN

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

STRUCK with religious awe, and solemn dread,
 I view these gloomy mansions of the dead ;
 Around me tombs in mix'd disorder rise,
 And in mute language teach me to be wise.
 Time was, these ashes liv'd—a time must be
 When others thus shall stand—and look at me ;
 Alarming thought ! no wonder 'tis we dread
 Oe'r these uncomfortable vaults to tread ;
 Where blendid lie the aged and the young,
 The rich and poor, an undistinguish'd throng :
 Death conquers all, and time's subduing hand
 Nor tombs, nor marble-statues can withstand. }
 Mark yonder ashes in confusion spread !
 Compare earth's living tenants with her dead !
 How striking the resemblance, yet how just !
 Once life and soul inform'd this mass of dust ;
 Around these bones, now broken and decay'd,
 The streams of life in various channels play'd :
 Perhaps that skull, so horrible to view !
 Was some fair maid's, ye belles, as fair as you ;
 These hollow sockets two bright orbs contain'd,
 Where the loves sported, and in triumph reign'd ;

U

Here

Here glow'd the lips ; there white, as Parian stone,
 The teeth dispos'd in beauteous order shone.
 This is life's goal—no farther can we view,
 Beyond it, all is wonderful and new ;
 O deign, some courteous ghost ! to let us know
 What we must shortly be, and you are now !
 Sometimes you warn us of approaching fate ;
 Why hide the knowledge of your present state ?
 With joy behold us tremblingly explore
 Th' unknown gulph, that you can fear no more ?
 The grave has eloquence—its lectures teach
 In silence, louder than divines can preach ;
 Hear what it says—ye sons of folly hear !
 It speaks to you—O give it then your ear !
 It bids you lay all vanity aside,
 O what a lecture this for human pride !
 The clock strikes twelve—how solemn is the sound !
 Hark, how the strokes from hollow vaults rebound !
 They bid us hasten to be wise and slow,
 How rapid in their course the minutes flow.
 See yonder yew—how high it lifts its head !
 Around, the gloomy shade their branches spread !
 Old and decay'd it still retains a grace,
 And adds more solemn horror to the place.
 Whose tomb is this ? it says, 'tis Myra's tomb,
 Pluck'd from the world in beauty's fairest bloom.
 Attend ye fair ! ye thoughtless, and ye gay !
 For Myra dy'd upon her nuptial day !

The

The grave, cold bridegroom! clasp'd her in its
 arms,
 And the worm rioted upon her charms.
 In yonder tomb the old Avaro lies ;
 Once he was rich—the world esteem'd him wise :
 Schemes unaccomplish'd labor'd in his mind,
 And all his thoughts were to the world confin'd ;
 Death came unlook'd for—from his grasping hands
 Down dropt his bags, and mortgages of lands.
 Beneath that sculptur'd pompous marble stone,
 Lies youthful Florio, aged twenty-one ;
 Cropt like a flow'r, he wither'd in his bloom,
 Tho' flatt'ring life had promis'd years to come :
 Ye filken sons! ye Florio's of the age,
 Who tread in giddy maze life's flow'ry stage !
 Mark here the end of man, in Florio see
 What you, and all the sons of earth shall be !
 There low in dust the vain Hortensio lies,
 Whose splendor once we view'd with envious eyes ,
 Titles and arms his pompous marble grace,
 With a long history of his noble race ;
 Still after death his vanity survives,
 And on his tomb all of Hortensio lies.
 Around me as I turn my wand'ring eyes,
 Unnumber'd graves in awful prospect rise,
 Whose stones say only when their owners dy'd,
 If young, or aged, and to whom ally'd,

On others pompous epitaphs are spread
 In memory of the virtues of the dead :
 Vain waste of praise ! since, flatt'ring or sincere,
 The judgment-day alone will make appear.
 How silent is this little spot of ground !
 How melancholy looks each object round !
 Here man dissolv'd in shatter'd ruin lies
 So fast asleep—as if no more to rise ;
 'Tis strange to think how these dead bones can live,
 Leap into form, and with new heat revive !
 Or how this trodden earth to life shall wake,
 Know its own place, its former figure take !
 But whence these fears ? when the last trumpet
 sounds

Thro' heav'n's expanse to earth's remotest bounds,
 The dead shall quit these tenements of clay,
 And view again the long extinguish'd day :
 It must be so—the same Almighty pow'r
 From dust who form'd us, can from dust restore.
 Cheer'd with this pleasing hope, I safely trust,
 Jehovah's pow'r to raise me from the dust,
 On his unfailing promises rely,
 And all the horrors of the grave defy.

THE
ORIGINAL OF FLATTERY.

THE
MEANNESS OF VENAL PRAISE.

THE apparent insufficiency of every individual to his own happiness or safety, compels us to seek from one another assistance and support. The necessity of joint efforts for the execution of any great or extensive design, the variety of powers disseminated in the species, and the proportion between the defects and excellencies of different persons, demand an interchange of help and communication of intelligence, and by frequent reciprocations of beneficence unite mankind in society and friendship.

If it can be imagined that there ever was a time when the inhabitants of any country were in a state of equality, without distinction of rank or peculiarity of possessions, it is reasonable to believe that every man was then loved in proportion as he could contribute by his strength, or his skill, to the supply of natural wants; there was then
little

little room for peevish dislike or capricious favour: the affection admitted into the heart was rather esteem than tenderness; and kindness was only purchased by benefits. But when, by force or policy, by wisdom or by fortune, property and superiority were introduced and established, so that many were condemned to labour for the support of a few, then they whose possessions swelled above their wants naturally laid out their superfluities upon pleasure; and those who could not gain friendship by necessary offices, endeavoured to promote their interest by luxurious gratifications, and to create need which they might be courted to supply.

The desires of mankind are much more numerous than their attainments, and the capacity of imagination much larger than actual enjoyment. Multitudes are therefore unsatisfied with their allotment; and he that hopes to improve his condition by the favour of another, and either finds no room for the exertion of great qualities, or perceives himself excelled by his rivals, will by other expedients endeavour to become agreeable where he cannot be important, and learn, by degrees, to number the *art of pleasing* among the most useful studies and most valuable acquisitions.

This

This art, like others, is cultivated in proportion to its usefulness, and will always flourish most where it is most rewarded; for this reason we find it practised with great assiduity under absolute governments, where honours and riches are in the hands of one man, whom all endeavour to propitiate, and who soon becomes so much accustomed to compliance and officiousness, as not easily to find, in the most delicate address, that novelty which is necessary to procure attention.

It is discovered by a very few experiments, that no man is much pleased with a companion, who does not increase, in some respect, his fondness of himself; and, therefore, he that wishes rather to be led forward to prosperity by the gentle hand of favour, than to force his way by labour and merit, must consider with more care how to display his patron's excellencies than his own; that whenever he approaches, he may fill the imagination with pleasing dreams, and chase away disgust and weariness by a perpetual succession of delightful images.

This may, indeed, sometimes be effected by turning the attention upon advantages which are really possessed, or upon prospects which reason spreads before hope; for whoever can deserve or
require

require to be courted, has generally, either from nature or from fortune, gifts, which he may review with satisfaction, and of which, when he is artfully recalled to the contemplation, he will seldom be displeased.

But those who have once degraded their understanding to an application only to the passions, and who have learned to derive hope from any other sources than industry and virtue, seldom retain dignity and magnanimity sufficient to defend them against the constant recurrence of temptation to falsehood. He that is too desirous to be loved; will soon learn to flatter, and when he has exhausted all the variations of honest praise, and can delight no longer with the civility of truth, he will invent new topics of panegyric, and break out into raptures at virtues and beauties conferred by himself.

The drudgeries of dependance would, indeed, be aggravated by hopelessness of success, if no indulgence was allowed to adulation. He that will obstinately confine his patron to hear only the commendations which he deserves, will soon be forced to give way to others that regale him with more compass of music. The greatest human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity.

We

We always think ourselves better than we are, and are generally desirous that others should think us still better than we think ourselves. To praise us for actions or dispositions, which deserve praise, is not to confer a benefit, but to pay a tribute. We have always pretensions to fame, which, in our own hearts, we know to be disputable, and which we are desirous to strengthen by a new suffrage ; we have always hopes which we suspect to be fallacious, and of which we eagerly snatch at every confirmation.

It may, indeed, be proper to make the first approaches under the conduct of truth, and to secure credit to future encomiums, by such praise as may be ratified by the conscience ; but the mind once habituated to the lushiousness of eulogy, becomes, in a short time, nice and fastidious, and, like a vitiated palate, is incessantly calling for higher gratifications.

It is scarcely credible to what degree discernment may be dazzled by the mist of pride, and wisdom infatuated by the intoxication of flattery ; or how low the genius may descend by successive gradations of servility, or how swiftly it may fall down the precipice of falsehood. No man can, indeed, observe, without indignation, on what

names, both of ancient and modern times, the utmost exuberance of praise has been lavished, and by what hands it has been bestowed. It has never yet been found that the tyrant, the plunderer, the oppressor, the most hateful of the hateful, the most profligate of the profligate, have been denied any celebrations which they were willing to purchase, or that wickedness and folly have not found correspondent flatterers through all their subordinations, except when they have been associated with avarice or poverty, and have wanted either inclination or ability to hire a panegyrist.

As there is no character so deformed as to fright away from it the prostitutes of praise, there is no degree of encomiastic veneration which pride has refused. The Emperors of *Rome* suffered themselves to be worshipped in their lives with altars and sacrifices ; and in an age more enlightened, the terms peculiar to the praise and worship of the Supreme Being, have been applied to wretches whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men ; and whom nothing but riches or power hindered those that read or wrote their deification, from hunting into the toils of justice, as disturbers of the peace of nature.

There

There are, indeed, many among the poetical flatterers, who must be resigned to infamy without vindication, and whom we must confess to have deserted the cause of virtue for pay: they have committed, against full conviction, the crime of obliterating the distinctions between good and evil; and instead of opposing the encroachments of vice, have incited her progress and celebrated her conquests. But there is a lower class of sycophants, whose understanding has not made them capable of equal guilt. Every man of high rank is surrounded with numbers, who have no other rule of thought or action, than his maxims and his conduct; whom the honour of being numbered among his acquaintance, reconciles to all his vices and all his absurdities; and who easily persuade themselves to esteem him, by whose regard they consider themselves as distinguished and exalted.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness. Stupidity is soon blinded by the splendor of wealth, and cowardice is easily fettered in the shackles of dependence. To solicit patronage is, at least, in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.

PLEA,

PLEASURE,
SENSUAL, AND SPIRITUAL.

THE refined pleasures of a pious mind are, in many respects, superior to the coarse gratifications of sense ; they are pleasures which belong to the highest powers and best affections of the soul ; whereas the gratifications of sense reside in the lowest region of our nature. To the one the soul stoops below its native dignity ; the other raises it above itself. The one leaves always a comfortless, often a mortifying remembrance behind it ; the other is reviewed with applause and delight. The pleasures of sense resemble a foaming torrent ; which, after a disorderly course, speedily runs out, and leaves an empty and offensive channel : but the pleasures of devotion resemble the equable current of a pure river, which enlivens the fields through which it passes, and diffuses verdure and fertility along its banks.

APPEARANCES OF PIETY.

THESE are often substituted in the place of the great duties of humanity and mercy. Too many flatter themselves with the hope of obtaining the friendship of their Creator, though they neglect to do justice to their fellow creatures.

But supposed piety is an invention of their own, unknown to reason, unknown in the word of God. For piety is a principle which regenerates the heart, and forms it to goodness. If, therefore, while piety seems ardent, morality shall decline ; or if ever the regard to it should totally fail ; if, whilst making prayers, no alms are given ; if, whilst we appear zealous for God, we are false or unjust to men ; if we are hard or contracted in heart, severe in our censures, and oppressive in our conduct, then conclude what we have termed piety, was no more than an empty name, resolving itself either into an hypocritical form of godliness ; a transient impression of seriousness ; an accidental melting of the heart ; or the deliberate refuge of a deluded and superstitious, but, at the same time, a corrupted mind ; for all men, even the most depraved, are subject, more or less, to compunctions of conscience.

HOPE.

H O P E.

HOPE to the soul, when distracted by the confusions of the world, is as an anchor to a ship in a dark night, on an unknown coast, and amidst a boisterous ocean. In danger it gives security ; amidst general fluctuation it affords one fixed point of rest ; it is the most eminent of all the advantages which religion now confers ; it is the universal comforter ; it is the spring of all human activity.

Upon futurity men are constantly suspended ; animated by the prospect of some distant good, they toil and suffer through the whole course of life ; and it is not so much what they are at present, as what they hope to be in some after time, that enlivens their motions, fixes their attention, and stimulates industry.

Was this hope entertained with that full persuasion which Christian faith demands, it would in truth totally annihilate all human miseries ; it would banish discontent, extinguish grief, and suspend the very feeling of pain.

ON THE EXCELLENCY

OF THE

MARRIAGE STATE.

“MARRIAGE IS HONOURABLE IN ALL.”

HAIL, wedded love ! by gracious God design'd
 At once the source and glory of mankind !
 'Tis this, can toil and grief and pain assuage,
 Secure our youth, and dignify our age ;
 'Tis this, fair fame and guiltless pleasure brings,
 And shakes rich plenty from its brooding wings ;
 Guilds duty's roughest paths with friendship's ray,
 And strews with roses sweet the narrow way.
 Not so the harlot, if it lawful be
 To mention vice, when praising chastity—
 Not so the harlot plights her venal vow,
 With heart obdurate, and Corinthian brow,
 She fawns unfriendly, practis'd to beguile,
 Stings while she weeps, and murders in a smile.
 Fame, peace, and virtue, she at once destroys,
 And damns, most surely, whom she most enjoys.

THE
FOLLY OF MISPENDING TIME.

THE infinite importance of properly improving our time is more frequently inculcated by the inspired writers, than perhaps any other admonition the sacred pages contain. To enforce the necessity of this consideration, the Scriptures have likewise represented the shortness and uncertainty of our continuance in this life, by similitudes the most fleeting and transitory that can possibly be imagined : but, alas ! how very few are there in the world, who consider this matter with the importance it deserves ! How many thousands of intelligent beings are there who scarce know the end of their existence, or the purpose for which they were created ; who live year after year without considering of futurity, or bestowing a single thought about the vast concerns of an eternal state ? Daily experience confirms this observation for a fact, and the most superficial survey of the different characters and circumstances of mankind in general, will more fully demonstrate the truth of what I have here asserted.

The poor and indigent, who live by the sweat of their brow, have many difficulties to encounter, and are surrounded with poverty and distress on every side ; all their toil and labour are scarcely sufficient to provide for the wants and necessities of the present life, and therefore they have neither time nor opportunity to consider of a future.

Let us next take a view of the man immersed in secular affairs, and engaged in the bustle of business, who rises up early, takes rest late, and eats the bread of carefulness : we shall find all his time and attention employed in the pursuit of riches, and the toils of industry ; wholly taken up with the numerous concerns of the world, he neglects the one, the supreme thing needful ; anxious and indefatigable to acquire a competency for this precarious and uncertain life, he is careless and indifferent about the momentous concerns of a never ending hereafter.

But let us carry our observations a little farther, and take a survey of those who are stiled the favourites of fortune, who revel in the lap of pleasure, and possess all the advantages that riches and honour can bestow ; who from their elevated situation in life, and the few cares with which they are surrounded, one should naturally

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imagine

imagine had both leisure and opportunity to improve their time like rational creatures to the most exalted purposes? but is this really the case? or does experience convince us of the truth of it? Alas! no: the pursuits of pleasure, the gay amusements, the fashionable diversions of a depraved licentious age, engross all their attention, and divert the mind from nobler objects. Little do these sons of vanity and dissipation think that a period will most certainly arrive, when neither the treasures of the Indies, nor the mines of Peru, when even the universe itself will want wealth to purchase a few moments of that precious time, they now so foolishly, so lavishly trifle away.

: Men of genius and literature are employed in the curious researches of antiquity, and investigating the works of nature; all their study and ambition is to acquire fame and reputation, and to obtain the empty applause of their fellow mortals.

Thus in every state and condition of life, there is something to engage the attention, and drive the thought of eternity from the human breast.

I was led into this train of reflections by a scene of the most awful distress, which the kind
hand

hand of Providence accidentally brought me to be a spectator of ; it was the exit of the gay, the gallant, the much admired Lothario. At the death of his father, he became heir to a very considerable estate, beside a large fortune in the public funds : but alas ! his heart was exceedingly depraved ; his principles were abandoned, and he was a libertine in the most comprehensive meaning of the word. Gambling and debauchery had almost ruined his constitution, and in some measure impaired his fortune. In the more juvenile part of my life we had been intimate acquaintance ; but I was obliged to drop the intimacy, lest his fortune and connexions, which were in every respect superior to mine, should have influenced my conduct, and have caused me to deviate from the paths of rectitude and sobriety. The death of a near relation, occasioned my taking a journey within a few miles of his country residence ; as I was so near, I could not return home without going to see a man for whom I had formerly a friendship and regard. I accordingly went, met with a very cordial reception, and was entertained with politeness. It fell out, that during my abode at his house, he was seized with a pleuritic fever, the first symptoms of which threatened the most fatal and dangerous

dangerous consequences ; the violence of his disorder daily increased, and baffled all the efforts of his physicians, who were men of distinguished abilities, the most eminent that could be procured, and in a few days they pronounced his case to be desperate, and past all hopes of recovery. But, O, what tongue can express, or imagination conceive, the agonies of despair which took possession of his soul, upon being informed he must soon bid adieu to this world, and all sublunary enjoyments ! During his last moments, in which I stood by his bed-side, he uttered such pathetic exclamations as no condition of life, or length of time will ever be able to erase from my memory.

“ O that the Almighty (cried he) would graciously be pleased to save a wretch like me from going down to the pit of destruction, the remainder of my days should be dedicated to the service of my Creator, and the cause of that holy religion which I have always neglected and despised ! My time, my health, my fortune, every thing I possess, should be engaged to promote the cause of virtue and godliness ! O that I might hope but for a short reprieve to expiate the offences of my former life, by a future conduct, which should be in every respect blameless and irre-

irreproachable. The gifts of Providence, hitherto so lavishly prostituted to the vilest and most abandoned purposes, should then be employed in acts of charity and benevolence ; should wipe away tears from the eyes of the orphan and the fatherless, and should cause the heart of the widow to sing for joy ! O that God—”

Here he was going on with his vain and fruitless wishes, but could proceed no further ; the silver cords of life were almost broken, and the feeble, glimmering lamp of existence just extinguished. He lay speechless about half an hour, and then expired. O that the votaries of mirth ! that the silken sons of pleasure had been present at the solemnities of this dying chamber ! it would have suspended their thoughtless and giddy career ; it would have taught them the true, the inestimable value of time possessed, and the infinite importance of properly improving it.

A death-bed's a detector of the heart,
A lecture, silent, but of sov'reign pow'r !
To vice, confusion ; and to virtue peace.

I confess, to me, who am of a serious contemplative mind, it was the most solemn and affecting scene I ever beheld. In this school of wisdom

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I was more benefited than I possibly could have been by attending the profoundest lectures of divinity and philosophy, although accompanied with all the powers of rhetoric and eloquence. Its silent but instructive lessons have thoroughly weaned my affections from the trifling objects of time and sense, and made me think more seriously than ever about the vast concerns of that awful, eternal, and unchangeable state, to which all mankind are advancing upon the swiftest wings of time ; they have taught me to look down upon the riches, the honour, and grandeur of this world with indifference and disdain ; convinced, that when they are not made subservient to the cause of religion and virtue, they will only render the life of the person full of anxiety and vexation, and at last planting his dying pillow with thorns.

“ Great Proprietor and Dispenser of all things, (said I, lifting up my eyes to heaven with resignation and gratitude), I desire neither abundance nor poverty ; grant me a competence, attended with thy blessing ; bestow upon me but the smallest portion of this world’s good, accompanied with that peace of mind which arises from the testimony of a good conscience. Give me that solid, substantial heart-felt enjoyment, which this world cannot give, nor the vicissitudes of fortune destroy, and I desire no more.”

S O L I T U D E.

A SOLILOQUY.

WELCOME, inviting solitude! Thy venerable aspect cheers, exalts, and agitates my soul, and makes it pant with vehemence for knowledge. Deign to exert thy operative influence, and fill my ambitious, emulative mind with sentiments sublime. Far from the captious and dissembling world, secluded may I pass my life, in tranquil scenes, variegated and luxuriant, formed by nature, remote from joy's deceptive and fastidious pomp, whose superficial charms infatuate and delude. O may my aspiring soul, in calm retirement, contemplation's seat, imbibe celestial knowledge from glorious Newton's works, elaborate and instructive, fraught with beauties exquisite.

Fired with ecstatic rapture, I survey the illumined horizon, the oriental monarch, rising in refulgent splendor, exhaling nocturnal vapours, and diffusing light over all the hemisphere. His potent energy pervades, attenuates, and refines the particles saline, which fluctuate in the atmosphere.

sphere. Hail light ! thou principal support of animal existence !—From thee, thou emanation of stupendous goodness, uncircumscribed and infinite, result innumerable benefits to man.—Thy vivifying essence re-animates the vegetative tribe, which, during thy absence, mourn with filial sorrow, drooping their aromatic heads. Thy magnetic impulse in due restriction keeps the ponderous planetary orbs, which regularly perform their course ethereal. The various seasons are produced by thee. The arctic and antarctic poles alternately receding and approaching, impelled by thy resistless force, as by adamantine fetters, communicate pleasures ineffable to human nature.

Cynthia, majestic solemn queen of night, borrows her radiant lustre from thy rays, and with benignant smile salutes mankind. From thee the ærial bow derives its vivid tints ; thy rays, reflected and refracted by the humid corpuscles, conspicuous shine, and cause that fair phænomenon. Newton, inspired, its origin discovered, and to the astonished multitude declared the latent cause. O thou immortal sage, whose extensive, penetrating genius, yon azure realms pervaded, and explored the secret works of nature, could my muse with rapid wing excursive soar from pole to pole, the Hyperborean mountains should reverebrate

berate thy praise. As Phœbus dissipates the congregated mists, formed by opaque vapours, which enwrap the cerulean canopy of heaven in gloom impenetrable, so did thy transcendent theories the mists and chimeras of ignorance disperse.—No more the comets lucid beams alarm Britannia's sons: They view the eccentric body with delight, copiously dispensing vapours to invigorate the stars erratic. Fain would my muse proclaim thy wondrous worth; but her design abortive proves—She droops, unequal to the task.

ON TIME.

TIME, thou devourer of each space,
 Thou enemy to human race,
 Desist awhile thy rapid flight,
 Nor roll me on so quick in night.
 Steal not the hours so swift away,
 Nor take so soon the present day.
 Wilt thou not hear? He still is deaf,
 Nor to my prayer will give relief,
 'Tis all in vain! e'en now he flies,
 Deaf to all importunities;
 To destiny a trusty slave,
 He'll not return one hour he gave.

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How should we prize thy real worth?
 Nor deal the minutes idly forth?
 Vain the debates and fruitless strife,
 Since time's so short, so fleeting life.

NOBILITY,

AN ANECDOTE.

IN England, as the titles of nobility are limited, and cannot be usurped by fictitious characters without detection, they confer a degree of consideration upon the possessor, far superior to what is observed in foreign countries, where they are abundant to an extreme, and where every needy adventurer can assume them.

A German Baron, in derision, once observed to a French Marquis, that the title of *Marquis* was very common in France. "I," added he, laughing, "have a Marquis in my kitchen."—"And I," retorted the Frenchman, who felt himself insulted, "have a German Baron in my stable." This repartee was particularly happy; it being
 well.

well known that German grooms are as common out of their own country as are French cooks. It affords a just lesson too, against the folly as well as rudeness of all national reflections.

AN EPISTLE.

THE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.

TO *Fuscus*, who in city-sports delights,
 A country bard with gentle greeting writes ;
 In this we differ, but in all beside,
 Like twin-born brothers, are our souls ally'd ;
 And, as a pair of fondly-constant doves,
 What one dislikes the other disapproves.
 You keep the nest, I love the rural mead,
 The brook, the mossy rock, and woody glade ;
 In short, I live and reign, whene'er I fly
 The joys you vaunt with raptures to the sky,
 And like a slave from the priest's service fled,
 I nauseate honey'd cakes, and long for bread.
 Would you to nature's laws obedience yield :
 Would you a house for health or pleasure build ;
 Where is there such a situation found,
 As where the country spreads its blessings round ?
Where

Where is the temperate winter less severe ?
 Or, when the sun ascending fires the year,
 Where breathes a milder zephyr to assuage
 The dog-star's fury, or the lion's rage ?
 Where do less envious cares disturb our rest ?
 Or are the fields, in nature's colours drest,
 Less grateful to the smell or to the sight,
 Than the rich floor, with inlaid marble bright ?
 Is water purer from the bursting lead,
 Than gently murm'ring down its native bed ?
 Among your columns; rich with various dyes,
 Unnatural woods with awkward art arise.
 You praise the house, whose situation yields
 An open prospect in the distant fields.
 Though nature's driven out with proud disdain,
 The pow'rful Goddesses will return again,
 Return in silent triumph to deride
 The weak attempts of luxury and pride.
 The man who cannot with judicious eye
 Compare the fleece, that drinks the *Tyrian* dye,
 With the pale *Latian* ; yet shall ne'er sustain
 A loss so touching, of such heart-felt pain,
 As he, who can't with sense of happier kind,
 Distinguish truth from falsehood in the mind.

They who in fortune's smiles too much delight,
 Shall tremble when the Goddess takes her flight ;
 For

For if her gifts our fonder passions gain
The frail possession we resign with pain.

Then leave the gaudy blessings of the great,
The cottage offers a secure retreat,
Where you may make a solid bliss your own,
To Kings, and favorites of Kings unknown.

A lordly stag, arm'd with superior force,
Drove from their common field a vanquish'd horse,
Who for revenge to man his strength enslav'd,
Took up his order, and the bit received :
But, when he saw his foe with triumph slain,
In vain he strove his freedom to regain ;
He felt the weight, and yielded to the rein. }
So he, who poverty with horror views,
Nor frugal nature's bounty knows to use ;
Who sells his freedom in exchange for gold,
(Freedom for mines of wealth, too cheaply sold)
Shall make eternal servitude his fate,
And feel a haughty master's galling weight.

Our fortunes and our shoes are near ally'd,
We're pinch'd in strait, and stumble in the wide.
Then learn thy present fortune to enjoy,
And on my head thy just reproach employ,
If e'er, forgetful of my former self,
I toil to raise unnecessary pelf ;

For

For gold will either govern or obey,
But better shall the slave than tyrant play.

This near the shrine of idleness I penn'd,
Sincerely blest, but that I want my friend,

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BENEVOLENT ADDRESS

TO THE

ENGLISH DEISTS.

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN!

AS you must be sensible this address is disinterested, I hope you will attend to what I shall suggest with seriousness, and impartiality. I suppose you to be convinced of the being, and providence of God; or of the existence of an infinitely perfect spirit, who not only made, and preserves, but also governs the world; and particularly superintends the affairs of mankind, and will call us to an account for our behaviour; but to reject what is commonly looked upon as a divine revelation, and as, if this system be really of
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the high authority of which it is said, and by many thought to be, I apprehend your condition to be very dangerous, I shall represent your danger to you, in order to engage you to shun it.

That there can be no danger in unbelief, it seems, you argue ; because as you say, believing is an act, not of the will, but the understanding : and that accordingly it is neither in our power to believe what appears incredible, nor to refuse to believe what we judge credible. But this is a great mistake. Believing is so far a voluntary act, that though we cannot believe what appears to be false, nor refuse to believe what we judge to be true, we can refuse to believe not only what is true, but what we should judge to be so, if we would attentively, and impartially consider the evidence, there is of its truth. And by thus disregarding the credibility of it, it is as much in our power to disbelieve the most credible thing in the world, as it is to be ignorant of the truth of any demonstrable proposition whatsoever, by not attending to its demonstration. Now herein I take it to be that the guilt of infidelity consists : which, upon carefully examining its nature, will be found to be very great. If indeed, after due consideration of the nature, and evidence of a system of religion, said to be derived from heaven, a person
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thinks it to be an imposture, he cannot be culpable for not believing it. But if his unbelief be owing to his not duly considering the reasons he has to believe it, it must be highly criminal. That it is the duty of creatures to examine, with the utmost care, the evidence of what is proposed to them in the name of their great Creator, and has any probability of having him for its author, is indisputable. To refuse, or neglect to do this, betrays such a want of regard for his divine Majesty, as must be acknowledged to be very criminal, and therefore justly to deserve his dreadful displeasure. It argues the person, who is guilty of such impiety, to be far from having the profound reverence for the adorable author of his being, and awful regard for his will, which he manifestly ought. Nay, it shews that he minds him but little, if it all.

And what then must such impious behaviour merit from the divine justice? And how highly must it concern you to consider whether you be not chargeable with it? That the gospel is proposed to you in the name of the great God of heaven and earth, and that there is, at least, a probability of its being derived from him, cannot be denied. Have you considered its credentials with the seriousness, which its claims to a divine original requires,

quires, and with hearts sincerely disposed to embrace, and submit to it, if you should see reason to think your Maker its author? Or have you impiously neglected to examine the credibility of it, or examined it with minds prejudiced against it? If either of the two last be the case, it will be in vain to plead in excuse for your unbelief, that you cannot believe what you will: for the true reason of it is; you are not disposed to believe because you have not a due regard for him, whose message it is said to be.

But, perhaps, you will say, you have examined the pretensions of the Christian religion to be a divine revelation, and find some things relating to it unaccountable, and others incomprehensible; and therefore cannot believe it. But why cannot you believe the revelation of the Bible, though you cannot account for every part and circumstance of it? Can you account for all the dispensations of Providence? If not, and you nevertheless believe a divine Providence; why cannot you believe a divine revelation, which is in some respects unaccountable?

But it is not only unaccountable, but likewise in several particulars incomprehensible; which you think another reason for rejecting it. But

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are you sure a divine revelation cannot contain any thing, but what you can comprehend? Are there not many things undeniably true which surpass human comprehension? And do not you yourselves give your assent to other matters of this kind? Do you fully comprehend either what reason teaches concerning the nature and attributes of God? or even what you experience in yourselves? Can you form an adequate notion of an unoriginated infinitely perfect spirit? Or conceive how your souls and bodies are united; or mutually act upon and affect each other? Nay, do you clearly comprehend how you perform any action of life—So much as how an act of your will stirs your finger? If these, and numberless other phenomena of nature exceed, as you must acknowledge them to do, men's comprehension, it can be no just objection to the truth, or divine original of a revelation, that it teaches incomprehensible doctrine. If we could account for all the ways of Providence, and comprehend both the works and nature of our great Creator, there would be some weight in these objections; but, since we are so far from being able to do either, it seems strange they should be taught to invalidate the evidence of the inspiration of Scripture. That there are things in the gospel revelation, for which we cannot account, and doctrines above
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our comprehension, is really a presumptive argument of its truth, rather than a proof its falshood. In these respects the accounts given us therein of the great Governor of the world's dealings with mankind, and of his incomprehensible nature, resemble the course of his providence and the doctrines of reason concerning him. And the more what the Bible says of the being and providence of God is like what reason and experience teach us relating thereto, the more likely certainly it is to be true. For therefore, I doubt, will the impossibility of accounting for any thing related in the sacred volume, or of comprehending some things taught therein, be from justifying your rejecting it, as an imposture. And it deserves to be well considered, with what face such creatures as we are, whose knowledge is undeniably so very imperfect, will be able to plead the unaccountableness, or incomprehensibleness of what we are taught in the name of our great Creator, as an excuse for disregarding it, and what regard is likely to be paid to such an excuse, when we shall be called to an account for such behaviour.—That you may be able to approve your conduct, in this important matter, to the Governor and righteous Judge of the World, is the sincere wish of

Your affectionate countryman,
And humble servant,

THE
IMPROVEMENT OF THE UNDERSTANDING
IS ESSENTIAL TO
OUR HAPPINESS.

IT is impossible that we shall enjoy that tranquillity of the mind which forms true happiness, if we do not take care to cultivate our understanding, and to store it with every thing that is capable of regulating and sharpening it. It is a hard matter for a man who knows nothing, to have a competency within himself; and whoever has not this, but stands in need of foreign aid to be happy, cannot be thought to enjoy a happy life; for the helps on which his happiness depends very often fail him, and from that moment he becomes unhappy. A person loses his time, who does not employ it to guard himself against the accidents to which mankind is liable, by such useful reflections as furnish us with the means not to make an ill use of good fortune, and not to be cast down with bad. It is necessary, therefore, to take as much care of the mind as of the body, because on its state depends all the happiness of our life; and it is necessary to be always providing

viding for its support, because it is like a lamp, which goes out if not supplied with oil.

There is this difference betwixt the mind and the body; that whereas too much exercise and fatigue enervates the latter, it is exercise that supports the former. The more its genius is cultivated, the more strength it gathers; and old age itself, which has so entire a power over the body, can make no encroachment on the mind, when it is habituated to a proper sublimity of thought, to secure it against its attacks.—Cicero justly observes, that it is not to old age that we are to charge the defects which we perceive in credulous, forgetful, and irregular old men; but to their fordidness, sloth, and negligence. And as the follies of youth, though it is a state more subject to fire and passion than old age, are not, however, to be found in all young people, but only in those who are ill-natured, so we do not find that all old men doat, but those only who are triflers, and men of shallow capacities. We ought therefore to consider the understanding as a treasure that is of use to us at all times, and which we cannot take too much pains to increase.

Acquired knowledge is not only useful, but pleasant; it gives the mind a two-fold satisfaction,
and

and preserves it from rust, that poison which is so fatal to the tranquillity of the mind, and corrupts the most precious enjoyments. A man who loves the arts and sciences is never idle ; all his moments are employed ; and wheresoever he is, whithersoever he goes, he always carries what will agreeably amuse him. The sciences are formed for all stages of life ; and the older a man is, the more necessary they are. In youth they serve for amusement, at years of maturity for a companion, and in old age for a comforter.

Study furnishes us with a thousand ways to dispel that uneasiness which makes us unhappy. A mind that is employed, easily forgets many things which would make a stronger impression upon it, if it was idle. The grievances of the body are also relieved by study ; for the application of the mind to certain objects which please it, hinder it from perceiving the necessities of the body. Even old age, after a life spent in study, does not discover its infirmities by the disagreeable symptoms which reduce us, as it were, to childhood. It comes on without being perceived, we stoop under it insensibly ; but, though at last we drop into the grave, we do not fall into it all at once. Thus did Newton, Boerhaave, and Beaufobre, pass their old age, and thus the illustrious Fontenelle.

tenelle. The greatest men among the ancients improved their understanding to the last. Sophocles composed tragedies until he was exceeding old, and it is said he was not less than an hundred when he wrote his *Œdipus*. His children, finding that the application he gave to his plays made him neglect his family affairs, commenced a suit of lunacy against him ; but Sophocles made no other defence than the reciting the tragedy of *Œdipus*, which he had just finished, before proper judges of the drama ; and, having then asked them whether they thought the play was the composition of a man that had lost his reason, he was acquitted of the charge.

GRACE SUPERIOR TO BEAUTY.

A VISION.

HAVING a few nights since passed several hours in a circle of intelligent persons, who endeavoured to account in vain for the cause of the irresistible effect which grace has upon the human mind, after contemplating the subject for some time, I fell asleep, and fancied myself between

tween two landscapes, this called the Region of Beauty, and that the Valley of the Graces; the one embellished with all that luxuriant nature could bestow; the fruits of various climates adorned the trees, the grove resounded with music, the gale breathed perfume, every charm that could arise from symmetry and exact distribution, were here conspicuous, the whole offering a prospect of pleasure without end. The Valley of the Graces, on the other hand, seemed by no means so inviting; the streams and the groves appeared just as they usually do in frequented countries; no magnificent parterres, no concert in the grove, the rivulet was edged with weeds, and the rook joined its voice to that of the nightingale. All was simplicity and nature.

The most striking objects ever allure the traveller. I entered the Region of Beauty with increased curiosity, and promised myself endless satisfaction in being introduced to the presiding goddesses. I perceived several strangers who entered with the same design, and, what surprized me not a little, was to see several others hastening to leave this abode of seeming felicity.

After some fatigue, I had the honour of being introduced to the goddesses who presented Beauty
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in person. She was seated on a throne, at the foot of which stood several strangers lately introduced like me ; all gazing on her form in extacy. Ah what eyes ! what lips ! how clear her complexion ! how perfect her shape ! At these acclamations, Beauty, with downcast eyes, would endeavour to counterfeit modesty ; but soon again, looking round as if to confirm every spectator in his favourable sentiments, sometimes she would attempt to allure us by smiles, and at intervals would bridle back in order to inspire us with respect as well as tendernefs.

This ceremony lasted some time, and had so much employed our eyes, that we had forgot all this while that the goddess was silent. We soon however began to perceive the defect : what, said we among each other, are we to have nothing but languishing airs, soft looks and inclinations of the head ; will the goddess only design to satisfy our eyes ? upon this, one of the company stepped up to present her with some fruits he had gathered by the way. She received the present most sweetly smiling, and with one of the whitest hands in the world, but still not a word escaped her lips.

I now found that my companions grew weary of their homage ; they went off one by one, and,

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resolving

resolving not to be left behind, I offered to go in my turn ; when, just at the door of the temple, I was called back by a female whose name was Pride, and who seemed displeased at the behaviour of the company. Where are you hastening? said she to me, with an angry tone; the Goddess of Beauty is here. I have been to visit her, Madam, replied I, and found her more beautiful than even report had made. And why then will you leave her, added the female : I have seen her long enough replied I ; I have got all her features by heart : her eyes are still the same : Her nose is a very fine one, but is now as it was half an hour ago ; could she throw a little more mind into her face, perhaps I should be for wishing to have more of her company. What signifies, replied the female, whether she has a mind or not : has she any occasion for a mind so formed as she is by nature ? If she had a common face indeed, there might be some reason for thinking to improve it ; but, when features are already perfect, every alteration would but impair them. A fine face is already at the point of perfection, and a fine lady should endeavour to keep it so ; the impression it would receive from thought would but disturb its whole œconomy.

To this speech I gave no reply, but made the best of my way to the Valley of the Graces. Here I found all those who had before been my companions in the Region of Beauty, now upon the same errand.

As we entered the Valley, the prospect insensibly seemed to improve ; we found every thing so natural, so domestic and pleasing, that our minds, which before were congealed in admiration, now relaxed into gaiety and good humour. We had designed to pay our respects to the presiding goddess, but she was no where to be found. One of our companions asserted that her temple lay to the right ; another to the left ; a third insisted that it was strait before us ; and a fourth, that we had left it behind. In short, we found every thing familiar and charming, but could not determine where to seek for the Grace in person. In this agreeable incertitude we passed several hours, and, though very desirous of finding the goddess, by no means impatient of delay. Every part of the valley presented some minute beauty, which, without offering itself at once, stole upon the soul, and captivated us with the charms of our retreat. Still, however, we continued our search, and might still have continued, had we not been interrupted by a voice, which, though we could
not

not hear from whence it came, addressed us in this manner :

If you would find the Goddess of Grace, seek her not under one form, for she assumes a thousand, ever changing, under the eye of inspection; her vanity, rather than her figure, is pleasing. In contemplating her beauty, the eye glides over every perfection with giddy delight, and, capable of fixing no where, is charmed with the whole. She is now contemplation, with solemn look; again, compassion with humid eyes; she now sparkles with joy; soon every feature speaks distress; her looks at times invite our reproach, at others repress our presumption; the goddess cannot be properly called beautiful, under any one of those forms; but, by combining them all, she becomes irresistibly pleasing.

ANECDOTE
OF
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

WHEN Sir Robert Walpole was minister in the Spanish war, a scheme was mentioned to him of taxing the American colonies; he

he smiled and said, " I will leave that for some of my successors, who may have more courage than I have, and less a friend to commerce than I am." He added, " It has been a maxim with me during my administration, to encourage the trade of the American colonies in the utmost latitude (nay it has been necessary to pass over some irregularities in their trade with Europe) for by encouraging them to an extensive growing foreign commerce, if they gain 500,000*l.* I am convinced that in two years afterwards full 250,000*l.* of their gains will be in his Majesty's exchequer by the labour and product of this kingdom, as immense quantities of every kind of our manufactures go thither; and as they increase in their foreign American trade, more of our produce will be wanted." He ended with saying, " This is taxing them more agreeably both to their own constitution and to ours."

BEAUTY.

THERE is nothing that gives us so pleasing a prospect of human nature, as the contemplation of wisdom and beauty. Beauty is an overweening, self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself

itself any more substantial ornaments; nay, so little does it consult its own interest, that it too often defeats itself, by betraying that innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous.

It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys, and soften the cares of human nature, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation? How faint and spiritless are the charms of the coquet, when compared with the real loveliness of innocence, piety, good humour, the irresistible charms of modesty unaffected,—humanity, with all those rare and pleasing marks of sensibility; virtues, which add a new softness to her sex; and even beautify her beauty.

Nothing (says Mr. Addison) can atone for the want of modesty and innocence, without which, beauty is ungraceful, and quality contemptible.

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Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and care of nature ; yet if boldness be to be read in her face, it blots all the lines of beauty.

The plainer the dress, with greater lustre does beauty appear : virtue is the greatest ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper in a woman, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

It is but too seldom seen, that beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue.

No beauty hath any charms equal to the inward beauty of the mind. A gracefulness in the manners is much more engaging than that of the person ; the former every one has the power to attain to in some measure, the latter is in no one's power,—is no internal worth, and has the gift of God, who formed us all. Meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments.

Virtue's the chiefest beauty of the mind,
The noblest ornament of human kind.

Beauty

Beauty inspires a pleasing sentiment, which prepossesses people in its favour. Modesty has great advantages; it sets off beauty, and serves as a veil to ugliness. The misfortune of ugliness is, that it sometimes smothers and buries much merit; people do not look for the engaging qualities for the head and heart in a forbidding figure. 'Tis no easy matter when merit must make its way, and shine through a disagreeable outside.

Without virtue, good sense, and sweetness of disposition, the finest set of features will, ere long, cease to please; but, where these with the graces are united, it must afford an agreeable and pleasing contemplation.

The liberality of nature in the person, is but too frequently attended with a deficiency in the understanding.

Beauty alone, in vain its charms dispense,
The charms of beauty, are the charms of sense.

Beauty without the graces of the mind, will have no power over the hearts of the wise and the good. Beauty is a flower which soon withers, health changes, and strength abates, but innocence

gency is immortal and a comfort both in life and death.

Let us suppose the virtuous mind a rose,
Which nature plants and education blows.

Merit, accompanied with beauty, is a jewel
set to advantage.

Let virtue prove your never-fading bloom,
For mental beauties will survive the tomb.

There are emanations from the mind, which, like a ray of celestial fire, animate the form of beauty; without these the most perfect symmetry is but a moulded clod; and whenever they appear, the most indifferent features acquire a spirit of sensibility, and an engaging charm, which, those only do not admire, who want faculties to discover. — Those strokes of sensibility, those touches of innocence and dignity, &c. display charms too refined for the discernment of vulgar eyes, that are captivated by a glance of beauty, assisted by vivid colour and gaudy decoration.

T H O U G H T S

AFTER READING AN ACCOUNT OF THE
DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

'TIS done! she's gone! her better part is fled,
But whence? and where? though number'd with the dead,
Yet still she lives in endless bliss to sing,
Eternal praises to her heavenly King.
Thrice happy maid! thy race is quickly run,
Thy task is finish'd ere 'tis well begun;
I give thee joy, thou hast escap'd from woe,
And all the cares that mortals feel below;
Thy God hath snatch'd thy blooming soul away,
From scenes of sickness to immortal day;
To seats of bliss, eternal and secure,
Where joy is certain, and contentment sure.
Why should the tear then tremble in the eye?
Why heave the bosom with a mournful sigh?
Was not her virtuous soul prepar'd to meet
Her gracious Maker in his judgment seat?
Did not she quit this lower world resign'd?
Tho' rack'd in body, yet compos'd in mind.

And

And since nor art, nor friendship's soothing
 pow'r,
 Could aught avail beyond the fatal hour ;
 Since not a mother's fond parental love
 Could change the will of him who rules above ;
 Since neither health, nor e'en the beauteous frame
 Of earth's fair daughters, or the sons of fame,
 Can long exist in this inconstant world,
 Where all to ruin soon or late is hurl'd ;
 Since too from future pains and future care
 She's call'd thus early to a brighter sphere,
 Why should we mourn her flight from earth below,
 Who with her Maker smiles a cherub now !

THE HOPE OF RICHES

MORE THAN THE ENJOYMENT.

THAT every man would be rich, if a wish
 could obtain riches, is a position which
 few will contest, at least in a nation like our's, in
 which commerce has kindled an universal emulation
 of wealth, and in which money receives all
 the honours which are the proper right of know-
 ledge, and of virtue. Yet, though we are labour-
 ing for gold as for the chief good, and, by the
 natural effort of unwearied diligence, have found
 many

many expeditious methods of obtaining it, we have not been able to improve the art of using it, or to make it produce more happiness than it afforded in former times, when every declaimer expatiated on its mischiefs, and every philosopher taught his followers to despise it.

We fill our houses with useless ornaments, only to shew that we can buy them : we cover our coaches with gold, and employ artists in the discovery of new fashions of expence, and yet it cannot be found that riches produce happiness.

Of riches, as of every thing else, the hope is more than the enjoyment : while we consider them as the means to be used, at some future time, for the attainment of felicity, we press on our pursuit ardently and vigorously, and that ardour secures us from weariness of ourselves ; but no sooner do we sit down to enjoy our acquisitions, than we find them insufficient to fill up the vacuities of life. . One cause which is not always observed of the insufficiency of riches, is, that they very seldom make their owner rich. To be rich, is to have more than is desired, and more than is wanted ; to have something which may be spent without reluctance, and scattered without care, with which the sudden demands of
desire

desire may be gratified, the casual freaks of fancy indulged, or the unexpected opportunities of benevolence improved.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault. There is another poverty to which the rich are exposed with less guilt by the officiousness of others. Every man, eminent for exuberance of fortune, is surrounded from morning to evening, and from evening to midnight, by flatterers, whose art of adulation consists in exciting artificial wants, and in forming new schemes of profusion.

Tom Tranquil, when he came to age, found himself in possession of a fortune, of which the twentieth part might perhaps have made him rich. His temper is easy, and his affections soft : he receives every man with kindness, and hears him with credulity. His friends took care to settle him, by giving him a wife, whom, having no particular inclination, he rather accepted than choose, because he was told that she was proper for him.

He was now to live with dignity proportionate to his fortune. What his fortune requires or admits, Tom does not know ; for he has little
skill

skill in computation, and none of his friends think it their interest to improve it. If he was suffered to live by his own choice, he would leave every thing as he finds it, and pass through the world distinguished only by inoffensive gentleness. But the Ministers of Luxury have marked him out as one at whose expence they may exercise their arts. A companion, who has just learned the names of the Italian masters, runs from sale to sale, and buys pictures, for which Mr. Tranquil pays, without enquiring where they shall be hung. Another fills his garden with statues, which Tranquil wishes away, but dares not move. One of his friends is learning architecture by building him a house, which he passed by, and enquired to whom it belonged: another has been for three years digging canals, and raising mounts, cutting trees down in one place, and planting them in another; on which Tranquil looks with serene indifference, without asking what will be the cost. Another projector tells him that a water-work, like that of Versailles, will complete the beauties of his seat, and lays his draughts before him: Tranquil turns his eyes upon them, and the artist begins his explanations: Tranquil raises no objections, but orders him to begin the work, that he may escape from talk which he does not understand.

Thus

Thus a thousand hands are busy at his expence, without adding to his pleasures. He pays and receives visits, and has loitered in public, or in solitude, talking in summer of the town, and in winter of the country, without knowing that his fortune is impaired, 'till the steward told him lately that he could pay the workmen no longer but by mortgaging a manor.

THE YOUNG TRADER'S

ATTEMPT AT POLITENESS.

I Was the second son of a country gentleman by the daughter of a wealthy citizen of *London*. My father having by his marriage freed the estate from a heavy mortgage, and paid his sisters their portions, thought himself discharged from all obligation to further thought, and entitled to spend the rest of his life in rural pleasures. He therefore spared nothing that might contribute to the completion of his felicity; he procured the best guns and horses that the kingdom could supply, paid large salaries to his groom and huntsman, and became the envy of the coun-

try

try for the discipline of his hounds. But above all his other attainments, he was eminent for a breed of pointers and setting-dogs, which by long and vigilant cultivation he had so much improved, that not a partridge or heathcock could rest in security, and game of whatever species that dared to light upon his manor, was beaten down by his shot, or covered with his nets.

My elder brother was very early initiated in the chase, and at an age when other boys are *creeping like snails unwillingly to school*, he could wind the horn, beat the bushes, bound over hedges, and swim rivers. When the huntsman one day broke his leg, he supplied his place with equal abilities, and came home with the scut in his hat, amidst the acclamations of the whole village. I being either delicate or timorous, less desirous of honour, or less capable of sylvan heroism, was always the favourite of my mother; because I kept my coat clean, and my complexion free from freckles, and did not come home like my brother mired and tanned, nor carry corn in my hat to the horse, nor bring dirty curs into the parlour.

My mother had not been taught to amuse herself with books, and being much inclined to despise

spite the ignorance and barbarity of the country ladies, disdained to learn their sentiments or conversation, and had made no addition to the notions which she had brought from the precincts of *Cornhill*. She was, therefore, always recounting the glories of the city; enumerating the succession of mayors; celebrating the magnificence of the banquets at *Guildhall*; and relating the civilities paid her at the companies feasts, by men of whom some are now made aldermen, some have fined for sheriffs, and none are worth less than forty thousand pounds. She frequently displayed her father's greatness; told of the large bills which he had paid at sight; of the sums for which his word would pass upon the exchange; the heaps of gold which he used on *Saturday* night to toss about with a shovel; the extent of his warehouse, and the strength of his doors; and when she relaxed her imagination with lower subjects, described the furniture of their country-house, or repeated the wit of the clerks and porters.

By these narratives I was fired with the splendor and dignity of *London* and of trade. I therefore devoted myself to a shop, and warmed my imagination from year to year with enquiries about the privileges of a freeman, the power of the

common council, the dignity of a wholesale dealer, and the grandeur of mayoralty, to which my mother assured me that many had arrived who began the world with less than myself.

I was very impatient to enter into a path which led to such honour and felicity; but was forced for a time to endure some repression of my eagerness, for it was my grandfather's maxim, that *a young man seldom makes much money, who is out of his time before two-and-twenty*. They thought it necessary, therefore, to keep me at home till the proper age, and without any other employment than that of learning merchants' accounts, and the art of regulating books; but at length the tedious days elapsed, I was transplanted to town, and, with great satisfaction to myself, bound to a haberdasher.

My master, who had no conception of any virtue, merit, or dignity, but that of being rich, had all the good qualities which naturally arise from a close and unwearied attention to the main chance; his desire to gain wealth was so well tempered by the vanity of shewing it, that without any other principle of action, he lived in the esteem of the whole commercial world; and was always treated with respect by the only men,
whose

whose good opinion he valued or solicited, those who were universally allowed to be richer than himself.

By his instructions I learned in a few weeks to handle a yard with great dexterity, to wind tape neatly upon the ends of my fingers, and to make up parcels with exact frugality of paper and pack-thread; and soon caught from my fellow-apprentices the true grace of a counter bow, the careless air with which a small pair of scales is to be held between the fingers, and the vigour and sprightliness with which the box, after the ribband has been cut, is returned to its place. Having no desire of any higher employment, and therefore applying all my powers to the knowledge of my trade, I was quickly master of all that could be known, became a critic in small wares, contrived new variations of figures, and new mixtures of colours, and was sometimes consulted by the weavers, when they projected fashions for the ensuing spring.

With all these accomplishments, in the fourth year of my apprenticeship, I paid a visit to my friends in the country, where I expected to be received as a new ornament of the family, and consulted by the neighbouring gentlemen as a master

of

of pecuniary knowledge, and by the ladies as an oracle of the mode. But unhappily, at the first public table to which I was invited, appeared a student of the Temple, and an officer of the Guards, who looked upon me with a smile of contempt, which destroyed at once all my hopes of distinction, so that I durst hardly raise my eyes for fear of encountering their superiority of mein. Nor was my courage revived by any opportunities of displaying my knowledge; for the Templar entertained the company for part of the day with historical narratives and political observations; and the Colonel afterwards detailed the adventures of a birth-night, told the claims and expectations of the courtiers, and gave an account of assemblies, gardens, and diversions. I, indeed, essayed to fill up a pause in a parliamentary debate with a faint mention of trade, and *Spaniards*; and once attempted, with some warmth, to correct a gross mistake about a silver breast-knot; but neither of my antagonists seemed to think a reply necessary; they resumed their discourse without emotion, and again engrossed the attention of the company; nor did one of the ladies appear desirous to know my opinion of her dress, or to hear how long the carnation shot with white, that was then new amongst them, had been antiquated in town.

As I knew that neither of these gentlemen had more money than myself, I could not discover what had depressed me in their presence; nor why they were considered by others as more worthy of attention and respect; and therefore resolved, when we met again, to rouse my spirit, and force myself into notice. I went very early to the next weekly meeting, and was entertaining a small circle very successfully with a minute representation of my Lord Mayor's show, when the Colonel entered careless and gay, sat down with a kind of unceremonious civility, and without appearing to intend any interruption, drew my audience away to the other part of the room, to which I had not the courage to follow them. Soon after came in the Lawyer, not indeed with the same attraction of mien, but with greater powers of language; and by one or other the company was so happily amused, that I was neither heard nor seen, nor was able to give any other proof of my existence than that I put round the glass, and was in my turn permitted to name the toast.

My mother indeed endeavoured to comfort me in my vexation, by telling me, that perhaps these showy talkers were hardly able to pay every one his own; that he who has money in his pocket
need

need not care what any man says of him ; that, if I minded my trade, the time will come when lawyers and soldiers would be glad to borrow out of my purse ; and that it is fine when a man can set his hands to his sides, and say he is worth forty thousand pounds every day of the year. These and many more such consolations and encouragements I received from my good mother, which, however, did not much allay my uneasiness ; for having by some accident heard, that the country ladies despised her as a cit, I had therefore no longer much reverence for her opinions, but considered her as one whose ignorance and prejudice had hurried me, though without ill intentions, into a state of meanness and ignominy, from which I could not find any possibility of rising to the rank which my ancestors had always held.

I returned, however, to my master, and busied myself among thread, and silks, and laces, but without my former cheerfulness and alacrity. I had now no longer any felicity in contemplating the exact disposition of my powdered curls, the equal plaits of my ruffles, or the glossy blackness of my shoes ; nor heard with my former elevation those compliments which ladies sometimes condescended to pay me upon my readiness in
twisting

twisting a paper, or counting out the change. The term of *young man*, with which I was sometimes honoured, as I carried a parcel to the door of a coach, tortured my imagination ; I grew negligent in my person, and fullen in my temper, often mistook the demand of the customers, treated their caprices and objections with contempt, and received and dismissed them with furly silence.

My master was afraid lest the shop should suffer by this change of my behaviour ; and therefore after some expostulations, posted me in the warehouse, and preserved me from the danger and reproach of desertion, to which my discontent would certainly have urged me, had I continued any longer behind the counter.

In the sixth year of my servitude my brother died of drunken joy, for having run down a fox that had baffled all the packs in the province. I was now heir, and with the hearty consent of my master commenced gentlemen.

THE YOUNG TRADER

TURNED GENTLEMAN.

WHEN the death of my brother had dismissed me from the duties of a shop, I considered myself as restored to the rights of my birth, and entitled to the rank and reception which my ancestors obtained. I was, however, embarrassed with many difficulties at my first re-entrance into the world; for my haste to be a gentleman inclined me to precipitate measures; and every accident that forced me back towards my old station, was considered by me as an obstruction of my happiness.

It was with no common grief and indignation, that I found my former companions still daring to claim my notice, and the journeymen and apprentices sometimes pulling me by the sleeve as I was walking in the street, and without any terror of my new sword, which was notwithstanding, of an uncommon size, inviting me to partake of a bottle at the old house, and entertaining me with histories of the girls in the neighbourhood. I had always, in my official state, been kept in awe by lace and embroidery; and imagined that to
fright

fright away these unwelcome familiarities, nothing was necessary, but that I should, by splendour of dress, proclaim my reunion with a higher rank. I therefore sent for my taylor ; ordered a suit with twice the usual quantity of lace ; and, that I might not let my persecutors increase their confidence, by the habit of accosting me, staid at home till it was made.

This week of confinement I passed in practising a forbidding frown, a smile of condescension, a slight salutation, and an abrupt departure ; and in four mornings was able to turn upon my heel, with so much levity and sprightliness, that I made no doubt of discouraging all public attempts upon my dignity. I therefore issued forth in my new coat, with a resolution of dazzling intimacy to a fitter distance ; and pleased myself with the timidity and reverence, which I should impress upon all who had hitherto presumed to harass me with their freedoms. But whatever was the cause, I did not find myself received with any new degree of respect ; those whom I intended to drive from me ventured to advance with their usual phrases of benevolence ; and those whose acquaintance I solicited, grew more supercilious and reserved. I began soon to repent the expence, by which I had procured no advantage,

and to suspect that a shining dress, like a weighty weapon, has no force in itself, but owes all its efficacy to him that wears it.

Many were the mortifications and calamities which I was condemned to suffer in my initiation to politeness. I was so much tortured by the incessant civilities of my companions, that I never passed through that region of the city but in a chair with the curtains drawn; and at last left my lodgings, and fixed myself in the verge of the court. Here I endeavoured to be thought a gentleman just returned from his travels, and was pleased to have my landlord believe, that I was in some danger from importunate creditors; but this scheme was quickly defeated by a formal deputation sent to offer me, though I had now retired from business, the freedom of my company.

I was now detected in trade, and therefore resolved to stay no longer. I hired another apartment, and changed my servants. Here I lived very happily for three months, and, with secret satisfaction, often overheard the family celebrating the greatness and felicity of the esquire; though the conversation seldom ended without some complaint of my covetousness, or some remark
upon

upon my language, or my gait. I now began to venture into the public walks, and to know the faces of nobles and beauties; but could not observe, without wonder, as I passed by them, how frequently they were talking of a taylor. I longed, however, to be admitted to conversation, and was somewhat weary of walking in crowds without a companion, yet continued to come and go with the rest, till a lady whom I endeavoured to protect in a crowded passage, as she was about to step into her chariot, thanked me for my civility, and told me, that, as she had often distinguished me for my modest and respectful behaviour, whenever I set up for myself, I might expect to see her among my first customers.

Here was an end of all my ambulatory projects. I indeed sometimes entered the walks again, but was always blasted by this destructive lady, whose mischievous generosity recommended me to her acquaintance. Being therefore forced to practise my adscititious character upon another stage, I betook myself to a coffee-house frequented by wits, among whom I learned, in a short time the cant of criticism, and talked so loudly and volubly of nature, and manners, and sentiment, and diction, and similies, and contrasts, and action, and pronunciation, that I was often
desired

desired to lead the hiss and clap, and was feared and hated by the players and poets. Many a sentence have I hissed, which I did not understand, and many a groan have I uttered, when the ladies were weeping in the boxes. At last a malignant Author, whose performance I had persecuted through the nine nights, wrote an epigram upon *Tape* the critic, which drove me from the pit for ever. My desire to be a fine gentleman still continued: I therefore, after a short suspense, chose a new set of friends at the gaming table, and was for some time pleased with the civility and openness with which I found myself treated. I was indeed obliged to play; but being naturally timorous and vigilant, was never surprised into large sums. What might have been the consequence of long familiarity with these plunderers, I had not an opportunity of knowing; for one night the constables entered and seized us, and I was once more compelled to sink into my former condition, by sending for my old master to attest my character. When I was deliberating to what new qualifications I should aspire, I was summoned into the country, by an account of my father's death. Here I had hopes of being able to distinguish myself, and to support the honour of my family. I therefore bought guns and horses, and, contrary to the
 expecta-

expectation of the tenants, increased the salary of the huntsman. But when I entered the field, it was soon discovered, that I was not destined to the glories of the chase. I was afraid of thorns in the thicket, and of dirt in the marsh; I shivered on the brink of a river, while the sportsmen crossed it, and trembled at the sight of a five-bar gate. When the sport and danger were over, I was still equally disconcerted; for I was effeminate, though not delicate, and could only join a feebly whispering voice in the clamours of their triumph.

A fall, by which my ribs were broken, soon recalled me to domestic pleasures, and I exerted all my art to obtain the favour of the neighbouring ladies; but wherever I came, there was always some unlucky conversation upon ribbands, fillets, pins, or thread, which drove all my stock of compliments out of my memory, and overwhelmed me with shame and dejection.

Thus I passed the ten first years after the death of my brother, in which I have learned at last to repress that ambition which I could never gratify; and, instead of wasting more of my life in vain endeavours after accomplishments which, if not early acquired, no endeavours can obtain,
I shall

I shall confine my care to those higher excellencies which are in every man's power; and though I cannot enchant affection by elegance and ease, hope to secure esteem by honesty and truth.

NO LIFE PLEASING TO GOD,

THAT IS NOT

USEFUL TO MAN.

AN EASTERN STORY.

IN the Persian chronicle of the five hundred and thirteenth year of the Heigyra, it is thus written: It pleased our mighty Sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality, and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich. Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed, that he derived no joy from the benefits which he refused;

fused ; he became pensive and melancholy ; he spent his leisure in solitude : in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa ; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground. He applied to the business of state with reluctance, and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward. He, therefore, asked permission to approach the throne of our Sovereign ; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply :

“ May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presumes again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus ; and a city, glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death : all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever ; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity : let me give up my soul to meditation ; let solitude and silence acquaint

acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion ; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, 'till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas, it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon that throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage ; he looked round upon his nobles ; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth ; and the King first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

" Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed, as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force : but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth : my life is a moment ; and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages are nothing, is before me, for which I also should prepare : but by whom then must the faithful be governed ? By those only, who have no fear of judgment ; by those only, whose life is brutal ; because, like brutes, they do

do not consider that they shall die. Or who indeed are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the Dervise alone the gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a Dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may He, who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the Royal Presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful: he drew a letter from his bosom, and, having kissed it, presented it with his right hand. "My Lord," said he, "I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cofrou the Iman, who now stands before thee, in what manner life may be best improved: I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign." The King, who had listened to Mirza, with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, imme-

F f

diately

diately gave the letter to Cofrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the Court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words: "To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas, our mighty Lord, has honoured with dominion, be everlasting health! when I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy Government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the King, when he is troubled? and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee I will relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee.

"Under the instruction of the physician Aluazer, I obtained an early knowledge of this art. To those who were smitten with disease I could administer plants, which the sun had impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, langour, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the
regions

regions beyond it, and despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty ; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth, and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country : my dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill ; I drank the running water from the spring, and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave, with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet, and expecting illuminations from above.

“ One morning, after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined, still sitting at the entrance of my cell, that the dawn increased ; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion : it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle, I still kept my eye fixed stedfastly upon

upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now discerned a fox whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead to the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: Cofrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and the vanities of life; but thou hast as yet done it only in part: thou art still every day busied in the search of food; thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in providence compleat. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of heaven also supply thee with food, when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself is not necessity, but devotion? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object. This impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other: I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon
increase

increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible Being, who pronounced these words: ‘Cosrou, I am the Angel who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? Hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou doest good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine, and that happiness, which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.’

“ At these words I was not less astonished, than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust: I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments: I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the King that

I should

I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended ; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received : as the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet. Believe, then, that it is he who tells thee all knowledge is prophane, which terminates in thy self ; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of Paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment : here thou canst little more than pile error upon error ; there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision ; and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power, and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue, yet as a Prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest : thou canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation or charity ; and the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused ; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above.—Farewell. May the smile of him who resides in the Heaven of
Heavens

Heavens be upon thee! And against thy name, in the Volume of his Will, may happiness be written!"

The King, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the Prince to his government, and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know,—*That no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind.*

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

THE Gardens at Pains-Hill, near Cobham, in Surry, in the present possession of Mr. Bond Hopkins, of which so much praise has been justly given, bring to our recollection an anecdote of the late owner, Mr. Hamilton. He advertised for a person who was willing to become the hermit of that retreat, under the following among many other curious conditions; that he was to dwell in the hermitage for seven years; where he should be provided with a bible, optical glasses, a mat for his bed, and a hassock for his pillow, an hour-glass for his time-piece, water for his beverage

beverage from the stream that runs at the back of his cot, and food from the house, which was to be brought him daily by a servant, but with whom he was never to exchange one syllable; he was to wear a camblet robe, never to cut his beard or his nails, to tread on sandals, never to stray in the open parts of the ground, nor beyond their limits; that if he lived there under all these restrictions till the end of the term, he was to receive 700 guineas; but on the breach of any one of them, or if he quitted his place *any time* previous to that term, the whole was to be forfeited, and all his loss of time remediless. One person attempted it, but three weeks was the extent of his abode.

TENDERNESS TO MOTHERS.

MARK that parent hen! said a father to his beloved son. With what anxious care does she call together her offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings! The kite is hovering in the air, and, disappointed of his prey, may perhaps dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons!

Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? Her watchful
care

care protected you in the helpless period of infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lispen its unformed accents. In childhood she has mourned over your little griefs; has rejoiced in your innocent delights; has administered to you the healing balm in sickness; and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh! cherish every sentiment of respect for such a mother. She merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration,

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes

First rear'd the stage, immortal *Shakespeare* rose;
Each change of many colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.

G g

His

His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Johnson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach, essay'd the heart :
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays ;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Johnson's art, or Shakespeare's
flame.

Themselves they studied ; as they felt, they writ :
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong ;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long :
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd
 For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd ;
 From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
 Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept ;
 Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
 Philosophy remain'd tho' nature fled.
 But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit ;
 Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
 And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
 And mark the future periods of the stage ?
 Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
 New Bens, new Durseys, yet remain in store.
 Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
 On flying cars new forcerers may ride ;
 Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance)
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;
 With every meteor of caprice must play,
 And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
 Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
 The stage but echoes back the public voice ;
 The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
 For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
 As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;
 'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
 Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense ;
 To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
 For useful mirth and salutary woe ;
 Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
 And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

THE FOLLY AND ODIOSNESS OF AFFECTATION.

LUCY, Emilia, and Sophronia, seated on a bank of daisies near a purling stream, were listening to the music of a neighbouring grove. The sun glided, with his setting beams through the western sky, gentle zephyrs breathed around ; and the feathered songsters seemed to vie with each other in their evening notes of gratitude and praise. Delighted with the artless melody of the linnet, the goldfinch, the woodlark, and the thrush, they were all ear, and observed not a peacock which had strayed from a distant farm, and was approaching them with a majestic pace and expanded plumage. The harmony of the concert

was

was soon interrupted by the loud and harsh cries of this stately bird ; which, though chased away by Emilia, continued his vociferations with the confidence that conscious beauty too often inspires.—Does this foolish bird (said Lucy) fancy that he is qualified to sing, because he is furnished with a spreading tail, ornamented with the richest colours?—I know not (replied Sophronia) whether the peacock be capable of such a reflection ; but I hope that you and Emilia will always avoid the display of whatever is inconsistent with your sex, your station, or your character. Shun affectation in all its odious forms ; assume no borrowed airs ; and be content to please, to shine, or to be useful in the way which nature points out, and which reason approves.

ON THE

UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN LIFE.

EVERY day furnishes me with some observation or other of the vanity and instability of human affairs. In the busy world I see the several different pursuits ; some for wealth, some for

for pleasure, some for honour, and all for happiness: but the pursuers missing the last, as not attainable here, the rest avail them little, if obtained, the possession being in no degree equal to the high ideas they had raised, and the things themselves of so short and uncertain duration, that it extremely lessens the value.

See Dorimon dead in the vigour of youth, master of an uncommon understanding, and possessed of an almost unbounded affluence of wealth. Is it long since he purchased an estate, which would have befitted the highest titles? Yet the price seemed to make but a small diminution in his vast heap of riches.

Daily would he communicate to his acquaintance his great designs! The principal architects were employed in making plans and elevations for his intended structure, that it might, if possible, exceed every thing that had been before exhibited. The most skilful artists stretched their utmost capacities to make his gardens exceed those of Alcinous, Cyrus, or the famed Hesperian!

“ Here,” (says he) “ shall rise the main structure; the soil is healthy, the prospect enchanting: look round, and tell me, do you find its equal?
Through

Through yonder vale see rivers gliding in serpentine meanders, more beautiful than fiction: observe the neighbouring woods attend to the delight of the harmonious choristers of the air! How justly distant are those mountains, to afford the eye delight! Yonder town, rising on the side to the top of the hill, enriched with turrets, spires, and pleasant villas, seem as designed to terminate my view from the grand terrace! See on the right; there shall arise a temple, formed from designs of Grecian and Roman architects: from thence I shall view the vast extents of rich enclosures, covered with fruitful crops of corn, waving their heads, as sporting with the winds.

“Walk on to yonder spot, for there I’ll place a Japanese pavillion, curious as shall be found in Jeddo’s royal gardens; and on that eminence, beyond, shall be a grove of variegated eastern plane-trees, whose various shades and tints shall not be imitated by the most skilful painter: in the midst shall arise an observatory, furnished with the choicest instruments, to view the course of the heavenly luminaries, and there I will adore, with sincerest heart, their and my own Great Maker: there will I contemplate, notwithstanding the boasted knowledge of mankind in all ages, how little it is they know, how much opinion
rules,

rules, how custom prevails, and how education's strong root is difficult to be eradicated, even by the utmost strength of reason.

“ Next I will enquire how reason seems to operate differently in different minds. This is a large field, and has many ways, all intricate. Should I look back as far as Pythagoras, Plato, and Socrates, and bring them down to Des Cartes, to Locke, and Newton, I should say, these seemed indeed (if I may say it) to do much honour to the human species; yet, as to absolute certainty, where shall we find it? Only in God. Him we can, indeed, in no sort comprehend; but we see enough of his works to call forth our utmost adoration.

“ Now (continues the short-sighted, alas! the mortal sage,) I will present you with my favourite design. On yonder pleasant spot of ground I will erect an edifice for a yet unthought-of charity for those who can sooner die than ask, I mean for those whom merit hath concealed; those whom the love of arts and knowledge have hindered from the pursuits of wealth, there they shall find an asylum from want; there shall they have wherewith to pursue their different studies; thither shall I often retire, and, by their conversation,
be

be well repaid for their temperate repasts; for none but Temperance, Knowledge, and real Merit, shall ever enter there.

“ Thus shall I avoid flattery, and improve my understanding. The grey heads I there support, I shall revere more than the most famed bustoes made by Grecian artists of Parian marble, of Egyptian granite, or of the adamantine porphyry. A library shall be placed adjoining, with well-chosen books, and only such.

“ On the other side shall be a laboratory: perhaps there may be found a Homberg, now in rags. A garden for choice plants shall be behind: perhaps another ray may offer. However, I shall always love the study, as I do every thing that exalts my ideas of that infinite, that Great Creator of all things: nor will I forget a repository for such natural curiosities as I may procure; such as are not to be got, drawings must supply the place of. A pleasant room shall be prepared for those, should any such repair to it, skilled in the noble Graphic art; there they shall work when fancy leads, and know 'tis not for sale, 'tis not for bread.

“ Some things I have yet to add,” continued he ; “ but now I shall only mention this : as you see who are to inhabit my house, and to be my companions, you shall know they will be free and happy : think not I intend to mark them with a badge, or pompous gown : wise men love decency, and nothing more ; and what becomes their years, will always please them ; and therefore no uniform shall be observed.

“ One difficulty I own I cannot but foresee. As I intend to settle lands sufficient in perpetuity to maintain this edifice, how I shall bequeath it, that my design may not be defeated ; for in what I have hitherto seen of this kind, the donor’s intention hath been eluded. A servant, a discarded footman, has been placed where gentlemen only had a right, and made to mix among them. While I live, all will be secure from this ; but whom after myself shall I appoint ? Among my large acquaintance indeed, at present, I could fix on two or three ; but there must be a succession, and, if it but once falls into bad hands, my design is frustrated. I own, this will be my great perplexity. Even in those establishments where great persons are concerned, ’tis not he who most deserves, ’tis not so much whom the donor seemed to intend, as he who has most interest. Have I
not

not seen, in this establishment, a child of the house, a gentleman of eminent learning, of an unblemished character, a man without exception, postponed, because the other candidate (though little known, and of as little knowledge,) had the interest of a woman, which gave him the majority. I have seen schools changed from the donor's design, to make them fit for the master's, and benefits tortured into oppressions. 'Tis interest doth all this, and more."

Thus had designed, thus talked Dorimon ; Dorimon, who is no more !

ANECDOTE

OF AN

HONEST STOCK BROKER.

SOME time since a countryman, having a legacy left him, was advised by an acquaintance to get into the stock-jobbing business, assuring him, that large fortunes had been made in that line. The countryman being struck with the thought of increasing his fortune, desired his friend

friend to recommend him to some person acquainted with the public funds; accordingly Mr. L—— was named. The countryman in a few days, repaired to town, and on enquiry at the Bank, was introduced to the honest Broker; when, after telling him his tale, Mr. L—— asked the sum he was in possession of. The countryman replied, “five thousand pounds.” “What business have you followed?” He answered, “farming.” “Then” (says he) “go on Monday next to Smithfield, and buy pigs with it.” “Pigs! pigs!” replied the countryman, “Lord, Sir, I never dealt in pigs.” “Then,” says the Broker, “let this be the first time, for there you will be sure of a *squeak* for your money, but I’ll be d—d if you have even that here.”

THE
VIRTUOUS COURTIER,

AN EASTERN TALE.

THE Caliph Mahadi, of the race of the Abassides, was a lover of letters, and of pleasures. Jacoub was his favourite courtier, who,
like

like his master, had a taste for the fine arts. Jacobung delightedly, and possessed an uncommon share of vivacity and genius. When the Prince gave an entertainment, he could not enjoy it without Jacobung's musical voice, and the bright sallies of his wit. He would often even admit him into his Harem. For the Caliphs were not then so subject to jealousy as the Oriental Princes were afterwards ; a passion which has been ever increasing among the Mussulmen.

One day Jacobung, having dined with his Sovereign, mounted his horse to return home : he fell, and broke his leg. The Caliph, being informed of this accident, expressed so much grief on the occasion, and was so assiduous and anxious for the recovery of his friend, that he raised the jealousy of all those who had not the good fortune, like Jacobung, to please their master. Many of them determined to attempt the ruin of his favourite. They concerted measures to excite suspicions against him in the mind of the Prince. While Jacobung's leg was healing, he lost the favour and confidence of his master ; for at Court, more than any other place, the absent are always in the wrong.

The Caliph had received several informations that Jacoub did secret services for the family of the Alides, his rivals and enemies. When his old favourite was recovered, instead of betraying the least suspicion of him, he affected to give him fresh testimonies of his confidence. Having one day taken him apart, he thus accosted him: "Jacoub, I must own my weakness to you. I detest and I dread Mehemet, of the family of the Alides: I never durst venture to banish him from Bagdad. I must get rid of him."

The favourite represented to his master, that Mehemet, a man without friends, and without credit, was rather an object of pity than revenge.

"No matter," replied the Caliph, "his existence disturbs me, and I must sacrifice it to my safety. I dare not bring him to a public execution; that would raise too strong a compassion for his fate. The care of ridding me of him I trust to you. I have him here; I shall put him into your hands. Consider that the peace of your master's mind depends on you: but so important a service must not want its recompence. I give you the fair slave who supped with us yesterday, and who seemed to please you; and to that present I add twenty thousand pieces of gold."

Jacoub

Jacoub answered in terms of gratitude, as he found farther remonstrances would be vain. The Caliph immediately gave orders that the slave, with the unhappy victim of royal jealousy, should be delivered to him; and that the money, the price of the blood he was to shed, should be paid him.

Jacoub, more anxious for Mehemet than pleased with the possession of the beautiful slave, conducted them to his palace. He had scarce entered it, when Mehemet, who strongly suspected the Caliph's intention, fell at the feet of him, who he concluded was to be his executioner.

“Do not imagine,” said Jacoub to him, “that my master has any design upon your life: and it would be still weaker in you to imagine that he could have so far mistaken me as to chuse me for the instrument of your death. It is true, your high spirit, and your pretensions, give him uneasiness. You must swear to me by the soul of the Prophet, and by that of the respectable Ali, from whom you are descended, that you will never think of dethroning Mahadi, nor of forming a party against him.”

Mehemet

Mehemet, happy to come off so easily, took the oath required of him. “ I must exact another condition of you,” added Jacoub, “ that you never appear again at Bagdad: but, as you must have something to support you, my master makes you a present of this sum.” He then gave him the twenty thousand pieces of gold which he had received.

The manner in which he had conducted this affair was soon known to the Caliph; for the fair slave, so generously given up to him, was only a spy set over his actions by the jealous Mahadi. The exasperated Caliph sent for the pretended traitor: “ How have you acquitted yourself” (said he to him in a rage) “ of the commission with which I charged you?” Jacoub was going to answer him with the fidelity of a subject, with the frankness of a friend. But the Prince interrupted him: “ Wretch, thou hast let my victim escape!” “ I own I have,” (replied Jacoub) “ It was my duty to save you from the commission of a crime, of which you were for making me the accomplice; not to be the tool of your suspicion and your cruelty. Providence made you our Sovereign to protect the weak; and you have no more right than the meanest of your subjects capriciously to take away the life of any man. It is your province

vince to punish the guilty, not to shed the blood of the innocent.

The Prince, struck with the courage of Jacob, and the force of his words, took him again, from that moment, into favour. “ I only thought you,” (said he) “ an agreeable Courtier: I now find you a true friend, and a generous and magnanimous man: you have preferred the protection of innocence to your interest; and you have told me salutary truth, at the hazard of your life: your honest admonition hath illuminated my mind. Henceforth I will circumscribe my unlimited power by the laws of conscience and reason. My jealousy or resentment shall never again invade the unalienable rights of mankind. I shall not, however, hesitate to inflict a severe punishment upon those who, for the future, shall misrepresent you to me. I have had a most convincing proof of your disinterested loyalty and integrity; your enemies must be my enemies; the enemies of good government and virtue.”

THE LATE UNFORTUNATE

QUEEN OF FRANCE,

SOME years ago having resolved to make every possible retrenchment in her expences, gave up her boxes at the theatre Francois, and the Theatre Italien.

As soon as her Majesty's resolution on this head was known, the common council of the city of Paris went up with an address to her, to express the concern with which they had heard it, and to intreat her Majesty to retain her boxes at both these theatres.

Her Majesty's answer was, "That at a time when almost every subject in the kingdom was making some sacrifice to the necessities of the state, it would ill become her not to follow an example which she ought to set ; and there was no sacrifice which ought to be made more readily than that of mere amusement, the sums expended upon which, might be so much better employed in relieving the distresses of the poor."

Two days before the address was carried up, her Majesty had sent for all the ladies who formed
a so-

a society in Paris, known by the name of “ *the society of maternal charity* ;” the object of which was the practice of those acts of beneficence and liberality, which more peculiarly belong to the sex.

Mrs. Necker, who was one of the members, waited upon her Majesty with the other ladies, in consequence of the royal message.

Her Majesty was so condescending as to desire that they might all be *seated in her presence*. They were forty in number, and not confined to the higher classes in life. Several of them of course were not known to her Majesty. She took down the names of these : she then said, that the institution of so benevolent a society did great honour to their feelings ; and it would afford her singular satisfaction, if she could be instrumental in forwarding their humane and charitable wishes. She requested, therefore, that they would apply to her as often as they wanted assistance to relieve the many objects of charity which they should discover.

All the ladies went away charmed with the amiable condescension and generous offers of her Majesty.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting power !
 Be my vain wishes fill'd ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd,
 To thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd—
 That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear,
 Thy ruling hand I see ;
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because confirm'd by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
 In ev'ry pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

My

My lifted eye without a tear,
The low'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on thee !

ADVICE

TO THOSE ENTERING THE WORLD.

THINK what thou art, and what thou soon
shalt be !

Then ask the worth of pride and perfidy.
Weigh virtue well, her excellency try,
Inspect the heart—nor trust the erring eye.
Let Reason guide thee—Wisdom make thy friend,
An honest life will have an happy end.
Three things there are, on which we all may trust !
Love God : respect thyself : Be to thy neighbour
just.

ACUTE-

ACUTENESS IN REPLICATION.

THIS has ever been allowed a happiness peculiar to the female sex, particularly on subjects wherein they are in some degree conversant ; for their imaginations generally keep pace with the narration, that they anticipate its end, and are ready to deliver their sentiments on it as soon as it is finished, while some of the male hearers, whose minds were buried in settling the propriety, comparing the circumstances, and examining the consistencies of what was said, are obliged to pause and discriminate before they think of answering.'

Indeed a man of reflection, if he does not keep an intimate commerce with the world, will be sometimes so entangled in the intricacies of intense thought, that he will have the appearance of a confused and perplexed expression, while a sprightly woman will extricate herself with that lively and *raffh dexterity* which will almost always please, though it is very far from being always right.

It is easier to confound than convince an opponent ; the former may be effected by a turn that
has

has more happiness than truth in it, but a young lady's vanity should not be too much elated with this false applause, which is given, not to her merit, but her sex: she has not perhaps gained a victory, though she may be allowed a triumph; and it should humble her to reflect, that the tribute is paid not to her strength, but her weakness. It is worth while to discriminate between the applause, which is given, from the complaisance of others, and that which is paid to our own merit.

ON THE
DEATH OF A CHILD.

CRUSH'D by th' unsparing hand of cruel
Death,

Lies the sweet victim of a summer's age;
Softly it sigh'd away its little breath,
And look'd regardless of the Tyrant's rage.

So by the baneful blast of Eurus shorn,
Some *infant* flow'ret droops its tender head;
In vain the *parent* tears of vernal morn,
Bedew its charms—when all those charms are
fled.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

MANNER IN WHICH PEOPLE OF FORTUNE
SPEND THIER TIME.

IF a modern lady of fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this stile : “ I can’t, you know, be out of the world, nor act indifferently from every body in it. The hours are every where late—consequently I rise late. I have scarce breakfasted before morning visits begin—or ’tis time to go to an auction, or a concert—or to take a little exercise for my health. Dressing my hair is a long operation—but one can’t appear with a head unlike every body else. One must sometimes go to a play, or an opera ; though I own it hurries one to death. Then what with necessary visits—the perpetual engagements to card-parties at private houses—and attendance on the public assemblies, to which all people of fashion subscribe, the evenings you see are fully disposed of. What time then can I possibly have for what you call domestic duties ?—You talk of the offices and enjoyment of friendship—alas ! I have

have no hours left for friends! I must see them in a crowd, or not at all. As to cultivating the friendship of my husband, we are very civil when we meet; but we are both too much engaged to spend much time with each other. With regard to my daughters, I have given them a French governess, and proper masters—I can do no more for them. You tell me I should instruct my servants—but I have not time to inform myself, much less can I undertake any thing of that sort for them, or even be able to guess what they do with themselves the greatest part of the twenty-four hours. I go to church, if possible, once on a Sunday, and then some of my servants attend me; and if they will not mind what the preacher says, how can I help it?—The management of our fortune, as far as I am concerned, I must leave to the steward and housekeeper; for I find I can barely snatch a quarter of an hour, just to look over the bill of fare when I am to have company, that they may not send up any thing frightful or old fashioned.

“As to the Christian duty of charity, I assure you I am not ill-natured; and (considering that the great expence of being always dressed for company, with losses at cards, subscriptions, and public spectacles, leave me very little to dispose

K k

of,)

of,) I am ready enough to give my money when I meet with a miserable object. You say I should enquire out such, inform myself thoroughly of their cases, make an acquaintance with the poor of my neighbourhood in the country, and plan out the best methods of relieving the unfortunate, and assisting the industrious. But this supposes much more time, and much more money, than I have to bestow.—I have had hopes indeed that my summers would have afforded me more leisure: but we stay pretty late in town; then we generally pass several weeks at one or other of the water-drinking places, where every moment is spent in public; and for the few months in which we reside at our own seat, our house is always full, with a succession of company; to whose amusement one is obliged to dedicate every hour of the day.”

So here ends the account of that time which was given you to prepare and educate yourself for eternity!—Yet you believe the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments. Ask your own heart what rewards you deserve—or what kind of felicity you are fitted to enjoy?—Which of those faculties or affections, which Heaven can be supposed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved?—If, in that
eternal

eternal world, the stores of knowledge should be laid open before you, have you preserved that thirst of knowledge, or that taste for truth, which is now to be indulged with endless information?—If, in the society of Saints and Angels, the purest benevolence and most cordial love is to constitute your happiness, where is the heart that should enjoy this delightful intercourse of affection?—Has your's been exercised and refined to a proper capacity of it during your state of discipline, by the energies of generous friendship, by the meltings of parental fondness, or by that union of heart and soul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendship and ineffable tenderness, which approaches nearest to the full satisfaction of our nature, in the bands of conjugal love?—Alas! you scarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it swell with pride, or flutter with vanity.—Have your piety and gratitude to the source of all good been exercised and strengthened by constant acts of praise and thanksgiving? Was it nourished by frequent meditation, and silent recollection of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it burst forth in fervent prayer?—I fear it was rather decency, than devotion, that carried you once a week to the place of public worship—and, for the rest of the week, your thoughts and time were so very differently filled up, that the idea of
a Ruler

a Ruler of the universe could occur but seldom, and then rather as an object of terror ; than of hope and joy.

How then shall a soul so dead to divine love, so lost to all but the most childish pursuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itself to a capacity of that bliss which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the divine presence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love, and adoration?—What kind of training is the life you have passed through for such an immortality?

ON THE CONNECTION

BETWEEN

THE BODY AND THE SOUL.

THERE is so close a connection between the body and the soul, that whatever one enjoys or suffers, the other partakes of. Now the body is as much a part of our nature, as the soul; our appetites and passions, as our reason: therefore, whatever gives the body its proper tone or vigour,

vigour, that is, whatever is most likely to smooth
 and harmonize the passions, and hinder them from
 preying upon themselves or others, must at the same
 time bid fairest for regulating the powers of the
 understanding, and give them likewise their due
 force and energy. Temperate gratification, there-
 fore, as they are highly conclusive to these ends,
 must, of consequence, promote, rather than dis-
 turb the harmony of virtue in that, by contri-
 buting to (or rather being) the health of the
 body, they corroborate the powers of the mind,
 and keep the passions in good humour, which
 would otherwise contract sourness and morosity,
 and create a perpetual war within. Take away
 the passions entirely, and, in effect, you take away
 virtue and vice; invert their order or course, and
 you turn every thing topsy-turvy; but under re-
 gulations, and allowed their proper influence,
 they come in for a considerable share of the har-
 mony, and render the balance on virtue's side
 more strong, complete, and full.

AN ANECDOTE.

AN old country fellow, who was married to
 a termagant, going one Sunday to church,
 heard the minister preach from the following
 words.

words: "Take up your cross and follow me." Dobson was extremely attentive to the discourse; and as soon as church was done, went home, and taking his wife on his back by force, ran as fast as he was able after the parson, who seeing how the fellow was laden, asked him the reason. "Why, what a plague (cries Dobson) has your Reverence forgot already? Did not your Worship bid us take up our cross and follow you? and I am sure this is the greatest cross that I have in the world, an' please ye."

EXTRACT FROM DR. JOHNSON'S SERMON

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

TO Christians the celebration of a funeral is by no means a solemnity of barren and unavailing sorrow, but established by the Church for other purposes.

FIRST, for the consolation of sorrow. SECONDLY, for the enforcement of piety. The mournful solemnity of the burial of the dead is instituted, first, for the consolation of that grief
to

to which the best minds, if not supported and regulated by religion, are most liable. They who most endeavour the happiness of others, who devote their thoughts to tenderness and pity, and studiously maintain the reciprocation of kindness, by degrees mingle their souls in such a manner, as to feel, from separation, a total destitution of happiness, a sudden abruption of all their prospects, a cessation of all their hopes, schemes, and desires. The whole mind becomes a gloomy vacuity, without any image or form of pleasure, a chaos of confused wishes, directed to no particular end, or to that which, while we wish, we cannot hope to obtain; for the dead will not revive; those whom God has called away from the present state of existence, can be seen no more in it; we must go to them; but they cannot return to us.

Yet, to shew that grief is vain, is to afford very little comfort; yet this is all that reason can afford; but religion, our only friend in the moment of distress, in the moment when the help of man is vain, when fortitude and cowardice sink down together, and the sage and the virgin mingle their lamentations; religion will inform us, that sorrow and complaint are not only vain, but unreasonable and erroneous. The voice of God,
speaking

speaking by his son, and his Apostles, will instruct us, that she whose departure we now mourn, is not dead, but sleepeth : that only her body is committed to the ground, but that the soul is returned to God, who gave it ; that God, who is infinitely merciful ; who hateth nothing that he has made, who desireth not the death of a sinner ; to that God, who only can compare performance with ability, who alone knows how far the heart has been pure, or corrupted, how inadvertency has surpris'd, fear has betrayed, or weakness has impeded ; to that God who marks every aspiration after a better state, who hears the prayer which the voice cannot utter ; records the purpose that perished without opportunity of action, the wish that vanish'd away without attainment, who is always ready to receive the penitent, to whom sincere contrition is never too late, and who will accept the tears of a returning sinner.

Such are the reflections to which we are called by the voice of truth ; and from these we shall find that comfort which philosophy cannot supply, and that peace which the world cannot give. The contemplation of the mercy of God may justly afford some consolation, even when the office of burial is performed to those who have been snatched away without visible amendment of their
lives ;

lives ; for who shall presume to determine the state of departed souls, to lay open what God hath concealed, and to search the counsels of the Most Highest ?—but with more confident hope of pardon and acceptance, may we commit those to the receptacles of mortality, who have lived without any open or enormous crimes ; who have endeavoured to propitiate God by repentance, and have died at last with hope and resignation. Among these she may surely be remembered whom we have followed hither to the tomb, to pay her the last honours, and to resign her to the grave ; she whom many who now hear me have known, and whom none who were capable of distinguishing either moral or intellectual excellence could know, without esteem or tenderness. To praise the extent of her knowledge, the acuteness of her wit, the accuracy of her judgment, the force of her sentiments, or the elegance of her expression, would ill suit with the occasion.

Let us therefore preserve her memory for no other end but to imitate her virtues, and let us add her example to the motives to piety which this solemnity was, *secondly* instituted to enforce.

It would not indeed be reasonable to expect, did we not know the inattention and perverseness

of mankind, that any one who had followed a funeral, could fail to return home without new resolutions of a holy life: for who can see the final period of all human schemes and undertakings, without conviction of the vanity of all that terminates in the present state? For who can see the wise, the brave, the powerful, or the beautiful, carried to the grave, without reflections on the emptiness of all those distinctions which set us here in opposition to each other? And who, when he sees the vanity of all terrestrial advantages, can forbear to wish for a more permanent and certain happiness?

Such wishes, perhaps, often arise, and such resolutions are often formed: but before the resolution can be exerted, before the wish can regulate the conduct, new prospects open before us, new impressions are received; the temptations of the world solicit, the passions of the heart, are put into commotion; we plunge again into the tumult, engage again in the contest, and forget, that what we gain cannot be kept, and the life, for which we are thus busy to provide, must be quickly at an end.

But, let us not be thus shamefully deluded! Let us not thus idly perish in our folly, by neglecting

neglecting the loudest call of Providence; nor, when we have followed our friends, and our enemies to the tomb, suffer ourselves to be surprised by the dreadful summons, and die, at last, amazed and unprepared! Let every one whose eye glances on this bier, examine what would have been his condition, if the same hour had called him to judgment, and remember, that though he is now spared, he may, perhaps, be to-morrow among separate spirits. The present moment is in our power; let us therefore, from the present moment, begin our repentance! Let us not, any longer, harden our hearts, but hear this day, the voice of our Saviour and our God, and begin to do, with all our powers, whatever we shall wish to have done when the grave shall open before us! Let those who came hither weeping and lamenting, reflect, that they have not time for useless sorrow; that their own salvation is to be secured, and that the day is far spent, and the night cometh, when no man can work; that tears are of no value to the dead, and that their own danger may justly claim their whole attention! Let those who entered this place unaffected and indifferent, and whose only purpose was to behold this funeral spectacle, consider that she, whom they thus behold with negligence, and pass by, was lately partaker of the same nature with themselves; and that they
 likewise

likewise are hastening to their end, and must soon, by others equally negligent, be buried and forgotten! Let all remember, that the day of man is short, and that the day of grace may be much shorter; that this may be the last warning which God will grant us, and that, perhaps, he who looks on this grave unalarmed, may sink unreformed into his own!

Let it, therefore, be our care, when we retire from this solemnity, that we immediately turn from our wickedness, and do that which is lawful and right; that, whenever disease or violence shall dissolve our bodies, our souls may be saved alive, and received into everlasting habitations.

THE

IMPOTENCE OF WEALTH.

THE VISIT OF SEROTINUS TO THE PLACE OF
HIS NATIVITY.

THE writers who have undertaken the unpromising task of moderating desire, exert all the power of their eloquence, to shew that
happiness

happiness is not the lot of man, and have by many arguments and examples proved the instability of every condition by which envy or ambition are excited. They have set before our eyes all the calamities to which we are exposed from the frailty of nature, the influence of accident, or the stratagems of malice ; they have terrified greatness with conspiracies, and riches with anxieties, wit with criticism, and beauty with disease.

All the force of reason, and all the charms of language, are indeed necessary to support positions which every man hears with a wish to confute them. Truth finds an easy entrance into the mind when she is introduced by desire, and attended by pleasure ; but when she intrudes uncalled, and brings only fear and sorrow in her train, the passes of the intellect are barred against her by prejudice and passion ; if she sometimes forces her way by the batteries of argument, she seldom long keeps possession of her conquests, but is ejected by some favoured enemy, or at best obtains only a nominal sovereignty without influence and without authority.

That life is short we are all convinced, and yet suffer not that conviction to repress our projects or limit our expectations ; that life is miserable we
all

all feel, and yet we believe that the time is near when we shall feel it no longer. But to hope happiness and immortality is equally vain. Our state may indeed be more or less embittered, as our duration may be more or less contracted; yet the utmost felicity which we can ever attain will be little better than alleviation of misery, and we shall always feel more pain from our wants than pleasure from our enjoyments. The incident which I am going to relate will shew, that to destroy the effect of all our success, it is not necessary that any signal calamity should fall upon us, that we should be harassed by implacable persecution, or excruciated by irremediable pains; the brightest hours of prosperity have their clouds, and the stream of life, if it is not ruffled by obstructions, will grow putrid by stagnation.

My father resolving not to imitate the folly of his ancestors, who had hitherto left the younger sons incumbrances on the eldest, destined me to a lucrative profession; and I being careful to lose no opportunity of improvement, was, at the usual time in which young men enter the world, well qualified for exercise of the business which I had chosen.

My

My eagerness to distinguish myself in public; and my impatience of the narrow scheme of life to which my indigence confined me, did not suffer me to continue long in the town where I was born ; I went away as from a place of confinement, with a resolution to return no more, till I should be able to dazzle with my splendour those who now looked upon me with contempt, to reward those who had paid honours to my dawning merit, and to show all who had suffered me to glide by them unknown and neglected, how much they mistook their interest in omitting to propitiate a genius like mine.

Such were my intentions when I sallied forth into the unknown world, in quest of riches and honours, which I expected to procure in a very short time ; for what could withhold them from industry and knowledge ? He that indulges hope will always be disappointed. Reputation I very soon obtained ; but as merit is much more cheaply acknowledged than rewarded, I did not find myself yet enriched in proportion to my celebrity.

I had however in time surmounted the obstacles by which envy and competition obstruct the first attempts of a new claimant, and saw my opponents and censurers tacitly confessing their despair
of

of success, by courting my friendship and yielding to my influence. They who once pursued me, were now satisfied to escape from me ; and they who had before thought me presumptuous in hoping to overtake them, had now their utmost wish, if they were permitted at no great distance quietly to follow me.

My wants were not madly multiplied as my acquisitions increased, and the time came at length, when I thought myself enabled to gratify all reasonable desires, and when therefore, I resolved to enjoy that plenty and serenity which I had been hitherto labouring to procure, to enjoy them while I was yet neither crushed by age into infirmity, nor so habituated to a particular manner of life as to be unqualified for new studies and entertainments.

I now quitted my profession, to set myself at once free from all importunities to resume it, changed my residence, and devoted the remaining part of my time to quiet and amusement. Amidst innumerable projects of pleasure which restless idleness incited me to form, and of which most, when they came to the moment of execution, were rejected for others of no longer continuance, some accident revived in my imagination
the

the pleasing ideas of my native place. It was now in my power to visit those from whom I had been so long absent, in such a manner as was consistent with my former resolution, and I wondered how it could happen that I had so long delayed my own happiness. Full of the admiration which I should excite, and the homage which I should receive, I dressed my servants in a more ostentatious livery, purchased a magnificent chariot, and resolved to dazzle the inhabitants of the little town with the unexpected blaze of greatness.

While the preparations that vanity required were made for my departure, which, as workmen will not easily be hurried beyond their ordinary rate, I solaced my impatience with imagining the various censures that my appearance would produce, the hopes which some would feel from my bounty, the terror which my power would strike on others; the awkward respect with which I should be accosted by timorous officiousness; and the distant reverence with which others, less familiar to splendour and dignity, would be contended to gaze upon me. I deliberated a long time, whether I should immediately descend to a level with my former acquaintances, or make my condescension more grateful by a gentle

M m

transition

transition from haughtiness and reserve. At length I determined to forget some of my companions till they discovered themselves by some indubitable token, and to receive the congratulations of others upon my good fortune with indifference, to shew that I always expected what I had now obtained. The acclamations of the populace I purposed to reward with six hogshheads of ale, and a roasted ox, and then recommend to them to return to work.

At last all the trappings of grandeur were fitted, and I began the journey of triumph, which I could have wished to have ended in the same moment, but my horses felt none of their master's ardour, and I was shaken four days upon rugged roads. I then entered the town and having graciously let fall the glasses, that my person might be seen, passed slowly through the street. The noise of the wheels brought the inhabitants to their doors, but I could not perceive that I was known by them. At last I alighted, and my name, I suppose, was told by my servants, for the barber stepped from the opposite house, and seized me by the hand with honest joy in his countenance, which, according to the rule that I had perscribed to myself, I repressed with a frigid graciousness. The fellow, instead of sinking
into

into dejection, turned away with contempt, and left me to consider how the second salutation should be received. The next friend was better treated, for I soon found that I must purchase by civility that regard which I had expected to enforce by insolence.

There was yet no smoke of bonfires, no harmony of bells, no shout of crowds, nor riot of joy ; the business of the day went forward as before, and after having ordered a splendid supper, which no man came to partake, and which my chagrin hindered me from tasting, I went to bed, where the vexation of disappointment overpowered the fatigue of my journey, and kept me from sleep.

I rose so much humbled by those mortifications, as to inquire after the present state of the town, and found that I had been absent too long to obtain the triumph which had flattered my expectation. Of the friends whose compliments I expected, some had long ago moved to distant provinces, some had lost in the maladies of age all sense of another's prosperity, and some had forgotten our former intimacy amidst care and distresses. Of three whom I had resolved to punish for their former offences by a long continuance

tinuance of neglect, one was, by his own industry, raised above my scorn, and two were sheltered from it in the grave. All those whom I loved, feared, or hated, all whose envy, or whose kindness I had hope of contemplating with pleasure, were swept away, and their place was filled by a new generation, with other views and other competitions; and among many proofs of the impotence of wealth, I found that it conferred upon me very few distinctions in my native place

SATISFACTION OF THE MIND.

MY Mind to me a kingdom is;
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss
 That God or nature hath assign'd.
 Tho' much I want, that most wou'd have,
 Yet still my Mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
 I seek no more than may suffice:
 I press to bear no haughty sway,
 For what I lack my Mind supplies.
 Lo! thus I triumph like a King,
 Content with what my Mind doth bring.

I see

I see how plenty furfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soonest fall ;
 I see that such as sit aloft,
 Mishap doth threaten most of all.
 These get with toil, and keep with fear ;
 Such cares my Mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
 No force to win a victory ;
 No wily wit to falue a fore,
 No shape to win a lover's eye :
 To none of these I yield as thrall ;
 For why ? my Mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;
 I little have, yet seek no more :
 They are but poor, tho' much they have,
 And I am rich with little store :
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
 They lack, I lend ; they pine and grieve.

I laugh not at another's loss,
 I grudge not at another's gain ;
 No worldly wave my mind can toss,
 I brook what is another's bane :
 I fear no foe, nor frown on friend ;
 I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease ;
 My conscience clear, my chief defence :
 I never seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence.
 Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
 Would all did do so well as I.

The following beautiful LINES, addressed to DR. WARNER, on his leaving LONDON, and more serious Business, tempted by the Hospitalities of MATSON, the Seat of G. SELWYN, ESQ. were written by W. HAYLEY, ESQ.

AH! slippery Monk! to leave thy book and
 bell,
 Put out thy candle, and desert thy cell!
 Yet reverend fugitive, unlicenc'd roam,
 Since strong temptations urg'd thee from thy home.
 While rich October gives to groves of gold
 Graces, that make the charms of May look cold:
 The gloom of London who would fail to quit
 For hills enliven'd by thy SELWYN's wit?
 Wit—that in harmony with Autumn's scene,
 Strikes, like October air, benignly keen,
 Brings distant objects gaily to our view,
 And shews us Nature in her sweetest hue!

THE

THE WARNING.

ALL you who leap religion's sacred fence,
 And hunt the ignoble chase of lust and sense;
 Whose impious breasts some hellish fiend inspires!
 And tongues, and eyes, confess adult'rous fires;
 Who drown your wretched souls in floods of wine,
 And to the beast the nobler man resign;
 Who with loud oaths and curses rend the sky,
 And dare th' Almighty's dread authority:
 With earnest speed your darling vice forego,
 Which else will prove your certain overthrow.
 For since heaven's awful King is just and pure,
 You must the lashes of his wrath endure;
 Must ere 'tis long, to your confusion find,
 That God, tho' injur'd, is not deaf nor blind.

AN EGYPTIAN ANECDOTE.

WHEN *Pharaoh* king of Egypt had prayed
 to God to cause the Nile to flow, to ap-
 pease the murmurings of the people, it flowed
 accordingly, and he took the glory of the event

to himself. On his return to his castle, *Gabriel* met him in the way, under the disguise of a shepherd, and laying hold of the bridle of his horse, said to him, "Great king, do me justice against my servant." "What has thy servant done to thee?" (said Pharaoh). "I have a servant, (replied *Gabriel*) to whom I have been liberal of my favours and kindnesses, and yet persecutes me, and those I love, and obliges those I hate: he is rebellious, and disobeys my commands; he acknowledges not the good I have done him, nay he is so far forgetful, as to tell me that he does not know who I am."—"A very wicked servant indeed, (answered Pharaoh): if you bring him *to me* I will have him drowned in the *Red Sea*; and shall not content myself for his punishment, with the water of the *Nile*, which is sweet and pleasant." "Great king (replied *Gabriel*) let me have a decree written to this purpose, that I may punish him according to it, wherever I find him."

Pharaoh, in compliance with this request, caused to be written the condemnation of a servant rebellious to his master, and an encourager of his enemies, and a persecutor of his friends; who disobeys and treats him ill, who is ungrateful and acknowledges not the kindnesses he has received from him.—"I know not, added he, who this
man

man is, but my command is, that he shall be drowned in the *Red Sea*." "Great king (said *Gabriel*) be pleased to sign this decree."——*Pharaoh* signed it, and sealed it with his own seal, and put it in the hand of the shepherd. *Gabriel* took it, and kept it as long as God ordered him. When the day of *submersion* was come, *Pharaoh* being just upon the point of drowning, (God having delivered *Moses* and his people from the waves, and opened to them a passage through the *Red Sea*.) *Gabriel* came to him with his decree. "What is this? (said *Pharaoh*). "Open it, (replied *Gabriel*) and read what it contains." *Pharaoh* opened it, read it, and remembered it.

"You are the servant, (said *Gabriel* to him) whom this decree mentions, and see what you have decreed against yourself."

A N H Y M N.

WHILE others some proud mortal praise,
 Or deeds of warlike heroes sing ;
 To heav'n, my raptur'd song I'll raise,
 To heav'n, and heav'n's eternal King!

The wond'ring world my song shall hear,
 Jehovah's worthy praise rehearse ;
 Pleas'd infidels shall lend an ear,
 And be the converts of my verse.

But ah ! this cumb'rous load of clay,
 Forbids the daring, pleasing flight ;
 And guilt chains down th' aspiring lay,
 To darknefs and eternal night.

Then aid me darknefs ! silence aid,
 While yet th' alternate day is mine !
 Before your dreary realms I tread,
 And fall before your awful shrine !

Much rather thou my song inspire,
 Whom all these glowing worlds obey ;
 Who ting'd their radiant orbs with fire,
 Whose hand directs their rapid way !

Whose

Whose voice from nothing call'd the whole,
Whose care the universe sustains ;—
Of life and love the source and soul,
O ! aid a feeble mortal's strains !

O ! where shall praise begin ? where end ?—
And end my praise shall never know ;
But to its center willing tend,
And there, like fam'd Meander flow.

Each single attribute defies,
E'en angels most exalted songs ;
Or cherubs raptur'd flame to rise,
So high as to its praise belongs.

What thoughts disten'd my lab'ring breast !
Too great for utterance, they confound !
Thy pow'r, in love alone express'd,
Thy pow'r and love both passing bound !

Thy justice, sov'reign pow'r, who knows ?
Thy wisdom who can comprehend ?
Who shall thy steady truth disclose ?
Or of thy empire find an end ?

But dearer far to mortal ear,
Thy tender love and mercy sounds ;

Our

Our praise is forc'd, not virtue here,
Redeeming love all praise confounds !

O ! if I knew the lofty strain,
Devout archangels use above ;
Unsung I'd drop their darling theme ;
And sing alone redeeming love !

Yet sooner could I reckon o'er
Those stars that throng the vaulted sky ;
Or count the sands on ocean's shore ;
Or drops that in its bowels lie !

When I the darling theme forget,
Eternal silence seize my tongue !
Or other hymns of joy repeat,
But those which to thy name belong !

Let all of human race rejoice,
With joy their great Redeemer praise ;
From pole to pole, with one glad voice,
One gen'ral chorus to him raise.

THE GOOD HUSBAND.

THE good husband is one, who, wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle ; he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend : he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency ; he passes them over therefore with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence : all his care and industry are employed for her welfare ; all his strength and power are exerted for her support and protection ; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because her's is blended with it : Lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of Christianity by his own example : That as they join to promote each others happiness in this world, they may unite to insure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

THE GOOD WIFE.

THE good wife is one, who ever mindful of the solemn contract which she hath entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant

fiant and faithful to her husband; chaste, pure and unblemished in every thought, word, and deed; she is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination: what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion: she makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband; as conscious, that every thing which promotes his happiness, must in the end, contribute to her own: her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress, her good humour and complacency lessen and subdue his affliction: she openeth her mouth (as Solomon says,) with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness: she looketh well to the ways of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness: her children rise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her. Lastly, as a good and pious Christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the Great Dispenser and Disposer of all things, to the husband of the widow, and father of the fatherless, entreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty: well satisfied, that if she duly and punctually discharges her several offices and relations in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another.

ANECDOTE

OF

THE LATE DR. MONSEY.

DR. MONSEY, by way of ridiculing family pride, used to confess, that the first of his ancestors of any note, was a baker, and dealer in hops, of whom he told the following anecdote:

“To raise a present sum he had robbed his feather beds of their contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce and enormously dear; the hoarded treasure was upon this immediately ripped out, and a good sum procured for hops, which in a plentiful season, would not have been saleable; and thus, the Doctor used to add, our family hopp’d from obscurity.”

AN INSTANCE OF
A PRIVATE ACT OF BENEVOLENCE
OF HIS LATE

Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.

WHEN in the rebellion in the North, in the year 1745, his Royal Highness led his august father's troops, destined to defeat the daring rebels; on his arrival at Penrith, in Cumberland, at which place his army halted two nights and one day, a youth, who was there at school, and whose father had for many years not been one of the meanest servants in the royal household, but at that time dead, applied to his Royal Highness by petition, setting forth what induced the princely hero to order the petitioner into his presence, when, after a short pause, for the recollecting some incidents stated in the petition, he condescendingly spoke to the following effect: "I remember your father well; his honour and integrity, as a servant, deserved esteem. The loss of the good old man was a public loss. Could I be persuaded that you would adopt his maxims, such provision should be made for you as would enable you to live with the credit and
reputa-

reputation which his merit entitled him to. However, take this purse, and I give you my promise, when, under the direction of God, these national tumults cease, if I survive, you will find me your friend." Some few years having elapsed, this young adventurer steered to town to remind his royal patron of his promise; when his application proved so successful, that, within a few days he became genteelly provided for at the Royal Palace at Windsor.

THE DESERT ISLAND,

O R

HAPPY RECOVERY.

EARL DORSET was a nobleman of distinguished abilities; he had served in the reign of Edward the third, King of England, and in particular had acquired uncommon reputation at the famous battle of Cressy. He married an amiable lady, by whom he had an only daughter, named Helen, whose beauty and accomplishments gained her a crowd of admirers.

Among the several distinguished characters that resorted to the house of Earl Dorset was the Duke

O o

of

of Suffolk, who had for some time conceived a partiality in favour of the fair Helen. He at length opened the matter to her father, who readily agreed to the match, and flew with impatience to communicate the agreeable intelligence to his beloved daughter; but what was his surprise, when he had scarce ended his speech, to find her bathed in tears, and declaring she never could consent to such an union, as she had already entertained a sincere regard for another. Earl Dorset determined, if possible, to find out the object of her choice, and entreated of her, in the gentlest manner, to inform him who was the person she had so unluckily placed her affections upon.

After some hesitation, she acquainted him, that it was no other than a gentleman distantly related to her family, named Dudley, whom she had been acquainted with from her infancy. Dorset was almost distracted at this intelligence.—The first step he took was to order young Dudley to quit his house immediately, and he determined to marry his daughter at all events to the Duke.

Helen flew to her mother, who loved her tenderly, and implored her in the most pathetic terms, to dissuade her father from his intended
purpose

purpose, and to give his consent to her union with Dudley. Lady Dorset could afford her but little comfort; she endeavoured to dissuade him from so rash a proceeding, but without effect; and after Dudley had seen his beloved Helen once more, and had vowed mutual constancy, he departed, as they supposed, for the country; but his intentions were different, and he determined not to live, without forming some project to see his beloved mistress.—For this purpose, he procured a proper disguise, and going to a convent adjoining to the Duke of Suffolk's house, which he well knew Helen constantly frequented, he engaged himself as one of the religious. This scheme succeeded, and he frequently had opportunities of seeing and conversing with his mistress. The Duke of Suffolk came often to visit Helen, and at length told her father he fancied he was not agreeable to the lady, as he also remarked she had a settled melancholy in her countenance, which she strove in vain to hide. Her father endeavoured to persuade him to the contrary, and afterwards severely reprimanded his daughter for her indifference to the Duke.

The next morning she repaired as usual to the convent, and there found Dudley waiting. She communicated to him her father's intention of sacrificing

sacrificing her to the Duke in a few days, which threw him into a fit of despair; and, snatching up a sword, he would have put an end to his life, had not Helen prevented him, by promising never to consent to be united to another. This promise, in some degree, made him happy, and they soon after parted.

She repaired to her apartment in the utmost agitation of mind, which had such an effect on her, that it confined her to her room for some days. When she had somewhat recovered, she hastened as usual to the chapel, and was greatly disappointed at not seeing her lover. She waited some time without effect, and returned home in a perplexity of mind not to be described. She again applied to her mother, intreating her to tell her the fate of Dudley.—What was her astonishment, when Lady Dorset informed her he had been discovered, and conveyed to prison, by the order of the king, where he was to remain, till she agreed to give her hand to the Duke of Suffolk.

Suffice it to say, she remained for some months in a state of insensibility, continually calling on the name of her lover. When her reason was somewhat restored, she resolved to offer up her prayers to the supreme Being for the safety of the
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unhappy youth. For this purpose she hastened to the chapel ; but, as she was descending the steps, she perceived her beloved Dudley. She was unable to utter a word, but fell lifeless into his arms. When recovered, he acquainted her he had just escaped from prison, and intreated her consent to marry him, and fly to France, or that moment should be his last.

The charming Helen was so perplexed between love and duty, that she did not know on what to resolve. He resumed his intreaties, and she at length consented, and one of the brethren of the holy order joined their hands. The next night they proceeded to a village in the west of England, and embarked for France. Helen little regarded the dangers of the sea, all her grief was for her father, whom she heard from a person on board was already in search of her.

They had scarce lost sight of the port, when a terrible storm arose, and they expected every minute to be swallowed up by the waves.—Helen's grief redoubled ; she fell continually into fainting fits, calling in vain on the name of her parents. The storm continued some days, when they were driven upon the unknown coast of a desert island.—Dudley intreated the Captain to set them ashore, as he found the life of his beloved Helen to be in
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the most imminent danger. The Captain complied with their request, and they wandered about a considerable way from the sea side, when they beheld a delightful place, which seemed to yield every thing nature could afford in highest luxury.

They remained for some time gazing on this enchanting spot. They could perceive no form like their own, or hear any thing but the bubbling of fountains, and the warbling of birds. Dudley at length resolved to build a little hut, and there to live with his enchanting mistress upon the spontaneous productions which the place produced.

After they had remained in this island for near five years, and were blessed with several pledges of their mutual love, it happened one winter's evening, when they had just retired to rest, a dreadful hurricane arose, which desolated the fields, and tore up the trees by the roots. They heard the billows roar, and the lamentations of some unfortunate people, who had, no doubt, suffered by a wreck. Dudley and Helen hastened immediately to the shore, where they beheld several people lying lifeless on the sands.

The next object that presented itself was a venerable old man, stretched at the bottom of a tree,

tree, and shewing some signs of life. Helen immediately ran up to him, and looking wildly on him cried out, " My father ! " and fainted by his side. Dudley, perceiving the distress of Helen flew to her assistance, and soon discovered the stranger to be Earl Dorset, who, with his consort, had embarked in search of his daughter. They immediately conducted him to their cabin, and after he was somewhat recovered, he embraced his children, but told them there was one thing yet which would for ever destroy his happiness. His beloved wife, he feared, had shared the same fate as the rest by the storm.

Helen was almost distracted. She intreated her husband to fly to the shore, and search after the object of their wishes. Dudley complied, and after he had wandered about for some time, he saw at some distance a lady to all appearance breathless, in the arms of a slave. He presently recollected in her face the features of Lady Dorset. He bore her to his cabin, where she soon after recovered, and opening her eyes, and looking stedfastly on Helen and Earl Dorset, exclaimed, " Gracious Heaven ! my husband alive ! in the arms of his daughter ! " she could scarce utter these words, but fainted in Dudley's arms. When she revived, their joy was not to be described.

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She perceived Dudley on his knees ; she tenderly embraced him and her daughter. They all four mingled their tears of joy together. A few days after, several officers, and others of the crew, who had been preserved from the wreck, discovered the delightful abode of their noble chief. They were received with the greatest cordiality by Dudley and his engaging partner. The beauties of the charming island, which seemed to its new inhabitants another Eden, made such an impression on the followers of Earl Dorset that they determined to make it the place of their future abode ; and it is asserted by M. de Arnaud, a celebrated French writer, from which the above little history is chiefly taken, that several of their descendants were found there some years afterwards, when this valuable island was discovered by the Portuguese, which, from its being covered with wood, they call **MADEIRA.**

FINIS.







